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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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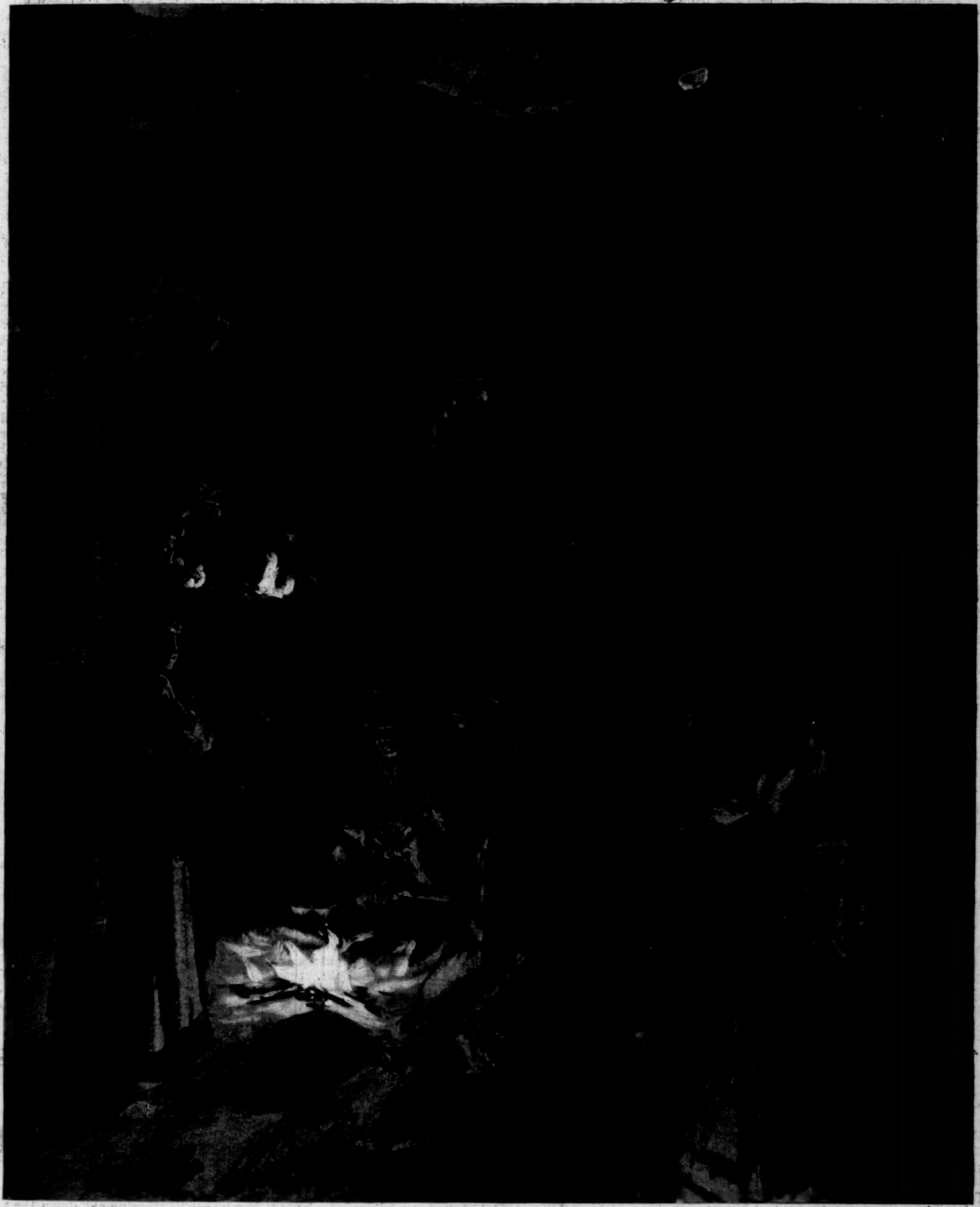

LOS FOSOS—"THE DITCHES."

THE ONLY PLACE IN HAVANA PROVIDED FOR THE SHELTER OF RECONCENTRADOS.

Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs taken by Harold Martin, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 318.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 2, 1898

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THE departure of the Spanish torpedo fleet from the Canary Islands is on its face a menace of war, and every step taken looking towards the outbreak of hostilities is dangerous. Nevertheless, although it is a step which we may possibly be called upon to resist, it is not a step of which, in view of our own preparations, we have the right to complain. We have made ready for war, and in doing so we have taken a proper step, and one that would have made for peace if Spain were wise and willing to face the facts of the situation; but if Spain is foolish enough to desire war notwithstanding our preparations for it, the step that she has taken is natural and logical.

If unhappily there is to be a war between the United States and Spain, this country is to be congratulated on the officers who are in command of the fleet at Key West. No more intelligent officers can be found in any navy in the world than Captains Sampson, Evans, and Chadwick. We are moved to say this especially on account of an impression which has gone abroad, to some extent, concerning Captain Evans. Notwithstanding his well-earned title of "Fighting Bob," he is one of the most tactful and self-restrained of men. The fleet will undoubtedly give an excellent account of itself if it should be called upon to act, and the country may be sure that a war will not be precipitated by anything that any one of the commanding officers may do.

Senators Gallinger and Thurston have made their contributions to the discussion on Cuba which was begun by Senator Proctor. They add nothing to Senator Proctor's statement, which was strong and convincing. They went to Cuba partly as the advertising agents of a disreputable newspaper which has been seeking to create war, while he went as a self-respecting gentleman. What he said is to be accepted implicitly, because of his character. What they said will be accepted so far as they have repeated him. Thurston's statement that no one in this country is opposed to warlike intervention except the money-changers is an untruth, and Mr. Thurston knows that it is an untruth, and a wicked slander as well against the Christian and educated and civilized part of the community. It comes especially with ill grace from a Senator elected by the Republican party of Nebraska, which has been the facile tool of corrupt corporations, and the dishonesty of whose politicians has turned the State over to the control of Bryan and Bryanism.

This year's session of the Legislature of the State of New York is worthy of careful study. With the exception of a few men, from whom much was expected and little obtained, the members of the Senate and Assembly were completely under the control of Platt and Croker — chiefly of Platt — and there never was a session of the Legislature of the State of New York so entirely under the control of money and of corporations having schemes of gain to be promoted through legislation. The process is simple and obvious. The corporation, through the boss, obtains what laws it desires without regard to the rights of the community. Legislation this winter has been in the interest of those who have been able to buy it. On the other hand, every corporation whose privileges and powers are created by law has been at the mercy of a gang of bandits. No Legislature in the history of the country ever was more shamelessly corrupt than this one has been, except, of course, Quay's Legislatures in Pennsylvania.

The Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives has at last agreed upon a measure of currency reform. The plan, as might have been expected, is not one that will wholly commend itself to any one, but it is probably the best compromise that could be made. It provides for transferring the obligation to redeem the greenbacks to the banks, and for an issue in their place of what are to be known as National Reserve notes. In return for the burden thus to be placed upon the banks, certain privileges of a valuable character are to be accorded to them. But what the country will be most interested in knowing is that the measure firmly maintains the present gold standard, and provides eventually for the replacement of the government paper by bank paper based upon bank assets—that is, in effect, upon the business demands of the country. Practically, also, the silver certificates are to supply the notes of denominations up to ten dollars. Another important feature of the plan is the permission granted to the banks to establish branches under regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. A full report has not reached us, and therefore we cannot now discuss the proposition, but from the abstract given in the Associated Press despatches we are convinced that the proposed measure is a great improvement upon the existing money system, or lack of system, and we trust that it may become a law.

The proposition that Congress should appropriate $500,000 for the relief of the suffering Cubans seems to have been regarded by most of the daily press as a threat of war. As the Spanish have permitted the United States to expend $50,000 for the relief of American citizens in Cuba, and have also permitted private citizens of the United States to send large quantities of supplies to the island, which have been distributed, partly at least, under the supervision of Spanish authority, we do not see how the proposed charity can be regarded as a hostile movement. However, almost everything probably seems warlike to the over-excited nerves of Jingoism. In view of this, Senator Bacon's resolution reciting the well-known and well-recognized principle that while the government and the people of the United States will always "maintain their national honor and protect their material interests," it is their "desire to live at peace with all the nations and peoples of the earth," was a proper and sanitary measure. The resolution further declares it to be the duty of the United States, in the present "threatening emergency, earnestly and patiently to use every practical and honorable means to preserve peace, so far as the same may be consistent with the honor of the nation and with their duty to themselves." This is not only sane and true, but, while it ought not to be necessary, it is well that it should have been injected into the proceedings of the Senate, where wisdom is a not too frequent visitor.

The Honorable Joseph W. Bailey is an interesting contemporaneous politician. He is leader of the Democratic side of the House of Representatives, and we think we can say truthfully that of all leaders that either side of the House has ever had, Bailey possesses the meanest intellect and the lowest standard of public virtue. He professes to want war with Spain over Cuba, and the reason why he wants it is characteristic of him, and of a good many other politicians at Washington, who are, unlike him, however, in the possession of sufficient sense to preserve silence and to refrain from telling their wicked and unpatriotic thoughts. Bailey is for war because he thinks that war is good politics. If he were not for war, in other words, he might not be sent to the Senate as the successor of Mr. Mills, and he might even fail of election to the House. He believes that the Republicans will compel war, because if they do not they will be beaten at the next elections, and that if the Democrats oppose any Republican war measure, they, too, will have no future. Bailey, in other words, would sacrifice his country, would slaughter its men, would make widows and orphans of its women and children, would prevent the return of prosperity, would afflict it with the barbarisms that always accompany and follow war, for the sake of carrying the elections, first in his district in Texas, and then the general elections through the country. Bailey is the kind of patriot that any country is better without.

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt has given utterance to his opinion of bosses in connection with the Croker effort to seize the Rapid Transit Commission for the profit of himself and Platt. When Mr. Hewitt is at his best he is always invigorating and inspiring. He was addressing the Chamber of Commerce, which passed resolutions protesting against the bill dismissing the present commissioners, and providing for a bi-boss commission in its place. Croker had impudently announced in a public interview what he thought of the present Rapid Transit Commission, basing his thoughts, if he really had any, upon either ignorance or untruth, and Mr. Hewitt pointed out that here was a change—an ominous change. In other times the boss kept his wicked or crafty designs to himself, and accomplished them in secret, not daring to announce in advance his intentions against the welfare and the pockets of the people; but Croker has gone a step beyond, and takes the public into his confidence. At least he dares tell the public what he proposes to do, whether they like it or not. Truly we hope it is true that, as Mr. Hewitt said, "there is a limit to the endurance of the self-respecting community." If it be true, the limit has certainly been reached. Croker, of course, could not rest under Mr. Hewitt's castigation, because he now takes himself seriously as a talking and letter-writing statesman. Therefore he returned to the subject on the following day in an interview notable chiefly for its unblushing mendacity. The boss contented himself with saying that the Rapid Transit Commission ought to be abolished because in the three years of its existence it has accomplished nothing. Mr. Croker knows that this statement is untrue, because the present commission has accomplished everything that has been done for Rapid Transit. This untruth was told to deceive those who read it. The boss also said that a Tammany commission would do something. He also knows that this is untrue, for Mr. Hewitt reminded him that there had been a Tammany commission for six years—from January 1, 1889, to January 1, 1895—and that it did absolutely nothing.

INTERVENTION.

THERE is abundant reason for believing that Mr. McKinley will attempt to secure peace for Cuba. There is no reason to suppose that he will undertake to accomplish his purpose in an unduly offensive manner, that is, in a manner which will inevitably bring on war between Spain and the United States. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he will set about his task in a way that will make war difficult, unless Spain is intent on fighting. It may be that political considerations will force the Spanish government into war, and that, to rally the factions threatening the rule of the Queen Regent and her son, and to unite them in its support, Sagasta will find cause for quarrel where none is intended and where none is sought. It may be, too, that Spain will deem the opportunity afforded by a war with a strong power for repudiating the whole or part of her debt, one that ought not to be missed.

While war may therefore be demanded by Spain, so far as Mr. McKinley has power over the issue it will not be incited by the United States. The situation is complicated by the obstinate vanity of Spain on the one side, and the demands of the insurgents on the other side for complete independence. Spain cannot conquer the insurgents. This has been evident for many months. It was evident to Mr. Cleveland more than two years ago, when intervention by this country was prevented by the death of Maceo. To put down the insurrection Spain has sent more than 200,000 men and boys to the island. Senator Proctor, in his interesting report of his recent visit to Cuba, says that about 60,000 of these soldiers remain fit for duty. The rest are dead or ill. Of the dead, many were the victims of disease. While the men have shown themselves, both physically and morally, unfit for the work before them, their officers have proved themselves incompetent. The Spaniards have made no progress since the insurrection began. To quote again from Senator Proctor, the Spaniards hold in the "four western provinces just what their army sits on." The consequence of constant discouragement and almost constant defeat, joined to the fact that their pay is about nine months in arrear, is the utter demoralization of the soldiers. They are sick, ill clad, frequently hungry, and apparently they are at the mercy of the Cubans whenever they move out of their ridiculous fortifications. So wholly lost is their military spirit, so utterly depraved have they become, that it is not a rare thing for them to sell even their cartridges to insurgents —furnishing their enemies for money with the implements of their country's defeat. We have it on the authority of a trustworthy and intelligent correspondent, whom we sent to Cuba for the purpose of making an investigation, that Cubans are in the habit of crossing the trochas, thus entering towns or villages supposed to be fortified, for the purpose of buying cartridges from the Spanish soldiers, who, he says, readily sell them at the rate of a cent apiece. The Spanish officers keep their men in the towns, or march them up and down the roads, and the insurgents go where they will outside of the towns, burning and destroying everything. The fields are desolate and blackened by burnings to within a few miles of Havana, and of every other town in the centre and west of the island, while the insurgents are in full possession of the eastern end.

This, in brief, is the military situation. In order to make up for their weakness in the field, the Spaniards have resorted to the cruel device of concentrating the country people in the villages. WEYLER's order was intended to deprive the insurgents of food-supplies, by rendering the country a desert. It has resulted, as Senator PROCTOR says, in "desolation and distress, misery and starvation." The reconcentrados have died literally by the hundreds of thousands. It has been estimated by a competent authority that at least 600,000 of the 1,500,000 inhabitants of the island have died within the last three years—the years during which the insurrection has been in progress—and that most of these deaths have been by starvation and resulting diseases. Within eighteen months 450,000 persons have been buried within the Spanish lines, in consecrated ground. This is the report of the Bishop of Havana. The death-rate now prevailing in the island is appalling, and the scenes that are daily witnessed in the country towns and the smaller cities are more shocking than any of which the modern civilized world has ever before been conscious. Chief among the horrid sights witnessed by Commander CONVERSE and his men were four dead bodies lying in the streets of Matanzas. Captain-General BLANCO, it was said at the time, revoked the WEYLER order of concentration on his arrival, but this appears to be partly a mistake. He simply gave permission to weak and starving men, without seeds or tools or strength or means of any kind, to go abroad during the day—they must return at night—to cultivate land under the threatening rifles of the guerillas who haunt the country, and who hate the reconcentrados more bitterly than the Spanish do. This painful tragedy has been excused on the plea that it is a war measure. It might have been an excusable war measure in the fifteenth century, or it might be now among the tribes of central Africa, but it is not a war measure recognized by civilized and Christian countries, nor is it one that would be adopted by a strong and self-reliant power. It is the natural resort of a backward race facing a force that it cannot defeat in manly warfare.

If the Spaniards were wise they would have recognized the inevitable, and would have long since ended the war which they are waging, and which must end in their defeat. The incapacity of their military power has been established. They are on the verge of bankruptcy. For a long time they have been selling six-per-cent. bonds for 80, and they cannot possibly much longer continue a struggle that is costing them at the rate of nearly $8,000,000 a month. The insurrection at present is, indeed, nothing but wanton slaughter—slaughter by disease and starvation, not only of soldiers, but of innocent women and children. It is also the destruction of a once fertile island, which, however, will not again, for years to come at least, produce the revenues which Spain once collected from it.

The horrors of the situation ought to appeal to every civilized and Christian power—not to the United States alone. But the question is, what is our duty, since Spain persists in keeping up her war? We are already intervening, in fact, by sending food and clothing to the starving people of Cuba, and we shall continue to intervene in this way for months and perhaps for years to come, whether Spain is willing or not that we should repair her ravages. If Mr. MCKINLEY can perhaps prevail upon the contending forces to cease their work of mutual destruction, he will put a stop to the causes which have produced and are producing these terrible results. There ought to be peace in Cuba. The people and the land want rest. The civilized world is deeply concerned in the matter. Cuba is a terrifying and unwholesome spectacle. But all this cruelty, misery, and wretchedness, all this inhumanity and killing, cannot be cured by more war, by more misery, and by more killing. Peace should be compelled by peaceful methods. The insurgents should listen as well as the Spaniards. They are no nearer independence than the Spaniards are to compassing their subjugation, and they are no more fit to rule themselves by popular government than the Spaniards are fit to rule them. If the United States are to intervene at all, why shall it not be by way of demanding of the insurgents that they make a trial of autonomy? Have the insurgents no duty to perform in this matter? There is no need of war, and there should be no war, unless Spain shall insist on fighting. If she does insist on that direful resort, the United States, which have everything to lose and absolutely nothing to gain, will be ready. But if Spain recognizes the truth of the situation, she will welcome an intervention that will bring her peace, even at the cost of an eventual but postponed loss of Cuba; and, on the other hand, if the Cubans are wise, they will accept what they can get without further desolation and death. At least they ought to realize that no misery in Cuba will be cured so long as this country and Spain are at war with each other.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

IN these days of war alarms we should not forget that there are also home interests which demand unremitting attention. Here is one of them.

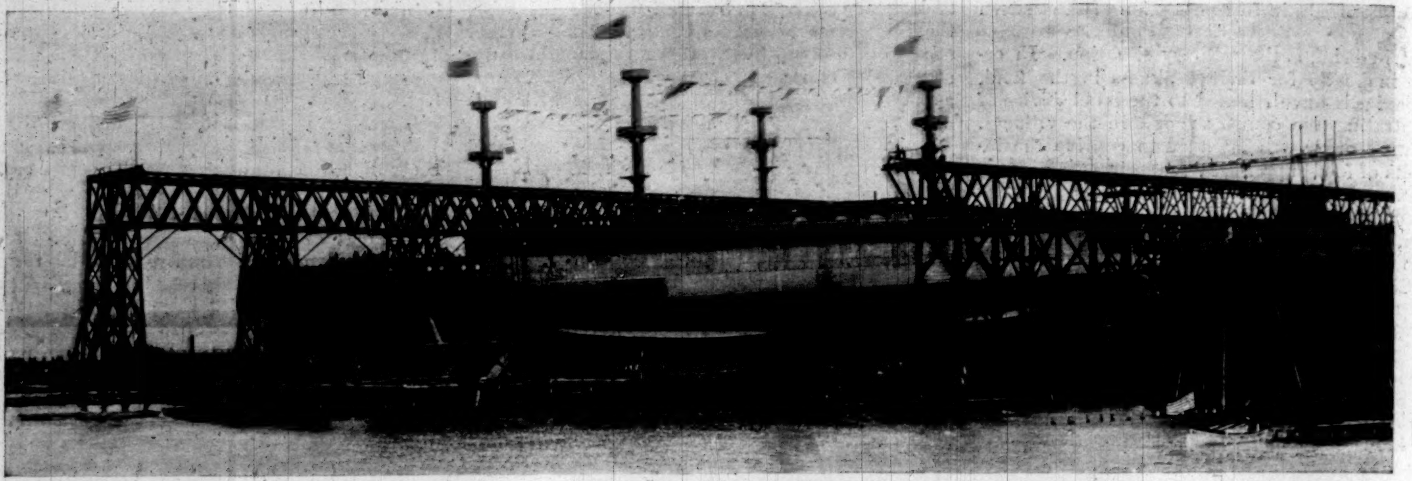
The efforts of Republican spoils politicians, after the triumph of their party in 1896, to destroy the merit system in the civil service of the nation and of the States in which it had been introduced, form the most discreditable chapter in our recent political history. Governor BLACK of New York was hailed by them as the hero who "fired the first gun" against the hated reform. It is remembered how jauntily he proclaimed in his first official utterance that he would "take the starch out of civil service"; how during the closing days of the Legislature he caused a bill to be passed which was designed to accomplish that end; and how, when at a public hearing the vicious qualities of that bill had been laid bare to him, he sought to revenge himself for the exposure by hot personal invective in an official document which many of his own party friends condemned as indecent. It is also remembered how in his latest annual message to the Legislature he complacently praised his bill as "the best civil service law this State ever had—a distinct gain over previous laws in the direction which the best friends of the civil service most desire." A report has now been published by the Civil Service Reform Association on the actual workings of the "BLACK law," which may give the Governor abundant food for sober reflection.

The objections urged against the BLACK bill at the public hearing had been that it was destructive of the competitive character of civil service examinations in giving the appointing officers a controlling influence upon the management of those examinations and in determining the decisive ratings of candidates; that, as appointing officers, according to wellnigh universal experience, were apt to be governed by political influence or personal favoritism, the very first requirement of impartial examinations and of fair competition is the entire independence of their management from control by the appointing power; that the "merit" examinations conducted by independent civil service commissioners, although ever so fair and impartial, would practically go for nothing if, as the BLACK bill provided, the appointing officers had the power to examine candidates for "fitness" in any manner they pleased, and to overrule the results of the "merit" examinations by their own arbitrary ratings; that the system embodied in the BLACK bill would work well only in the case of appointing officers who absolutely subordinated selfish or partisan considerations to the public interest, and who also had the stuff in them of which political martyrs are made; that any appointing officer who cared more for party politics than for the best interests of the service, or who was under the influence of a party machine or boss, would find in the BLACK bill abundant facilities for "beating" the civil service law, and for making a farce of the competitive merit system; that, moreover, the trouble and expense imposed upon candidates by the absurd multiplication of examinations at different places would be apt to deter from competing all those who did not have a "pull" to encourage them; and that, for all these reasons, the BLACK bill would simply serve to restore the spoils system with its characteristic abuses and scandals.

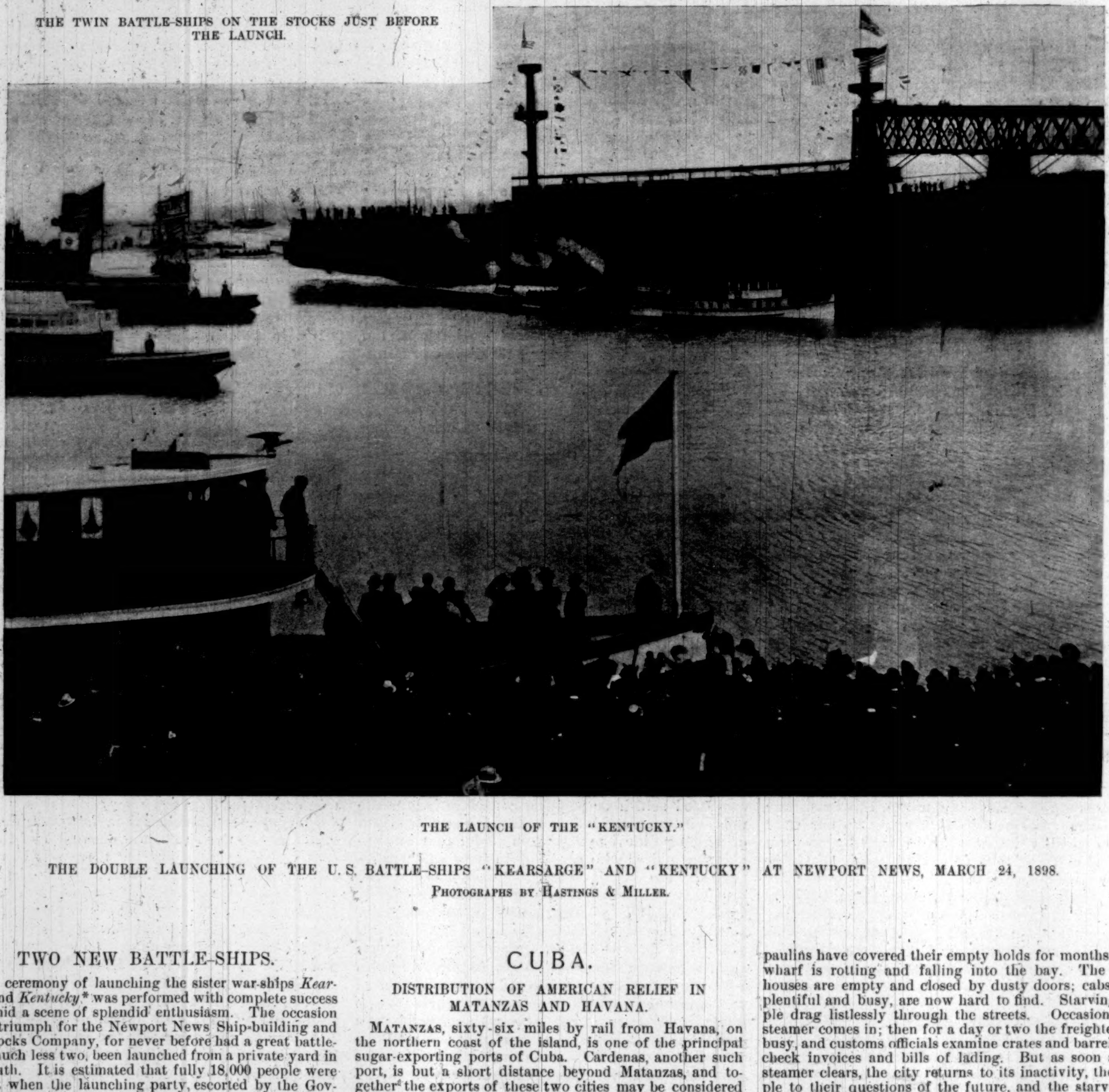
The report now before the public, with its indisputable statements of fact, conclusively justifies all those objections and prophecies. The criticism of the bill, which at the time seemed to exasperate the Governor beyond decorous self-control, is now shown to have been absolutely correct in every detail. With a clearness which must convince every candid mind it is proved that the BLACK law has enabled appointing officers utterly to defeat the competitive merit system, and thus to nullify the mandate of the State constitution, whenever they pleased to do so; that the "fitness" examinations managed by such appointing officers were turned into farce in exactly the manner described to the Governor at the public hearing; that the results of "merit" examinations conducted by independent civil service boards went in such cases for nothing, and that influence and favoritism had it all their own way; and that thus the BLACK law has furnished to the spoils politicians the most effective means and the most tempting opportunities for demolishing all the beneficent reforms that had been accomplished through the original civil service law.

Governor BLACK is credited with saying that "as soon as it were shown to his satisfaction that the new law does not produce the best results, he would aid in any movement to re-establish the old one." Every friend of good government would rejoice to see him justify that declaration. For this he had a splendid opportunity, but he has thrown it away. A bill was introduced in the Legislature the enactment of which into law would substantially have accomplished that end. Nobody doubts that if Governor BLACK had desired the passage of that bill he could easily have compassed it. Nothing but his influence pushed through his own bill last year, to which many members of the Legislature who, yielding to his pressure, voted for it, were at heart opposed. The same influences would have been equally powerful now. There is good reason for believing that the same, and perhaps more, members would have gladly supported the repeal now in order to relieve the Republican party of the dangerous burden with which the BLACK law had saddled it, had not the Governor stood in the way. To pretend, after the report of the Civil Service Reform Association, that he sustained his law because it had "produced the best results" would be ridiculous. It would be equally vain to say that the repeal could not be passed, for want of time, for although the time before the adjournment of the Legislature was short, it was no shorter than the time for passing the BLACK law had been last year. Governor BLACK and, through him, the Republican party, must therefore bear the full responsibility for knowingly and wilfully sustaining a law which has been conclusively shown to work serious injury to the public interest in undoing a beneficent reform; and that responsibility will become all the more burdensome and hurtful when, as after the failure of the repeal bill it certainly will be, the constitutionality of the BLACK law is contested in the courts—eminent lawyers having, after mature consideration, pronounced the opinion that of its unconstitutionality there can be no doubt. After the experience the people of this State have had of the workings of the BLACK act, the restoration of the old law is only a question of time, and the Republican party may find that Governor BLACK did it a very bad service in firing that "first gun," for which the spoils politicians all over the country praised him so lustily, and then in preventing the party from relieving itself of the responsibility for a manifest wrong.

In Congress the assault upon civil service reform which had been heralded with such resounding vociferation, and begun in an apparent "do or die" spirit, has come to a dead halt. The inquiry into the working of the national civil service law, which had been instituted in the Senate, and from which the spoils politicians had promised themselves revelations sure to discredit the whole "civil service humbug," has resulted in a report favoring certain exceptions from the competitive rule, with the very proper recommendation, however, that the whole matter be left to the discretion of the Executive. This indicates that there will be no farther interference by the Senate. As to the House of Representatives, the sub-committee of the committee on the civil service which was appointed to consider the EVANS bill, that famous civil service reform-killer, has made a unanimous report against the bill. That report will in due time go before the House. Then the moment will have arrived for General GROSVENOR, the truculent leader of the anti-civil-service-reform forces, to make good his pompous proclamation that the bill will under no circumstances be permitted to be smothered without action by the House, and that he and his followers are sternly determined to have their innings. But he is now reported as wavering in his purpose. His ravings at the beginning of the session puzzled the listener as to whether to ascribe them to culpable ignorance, or to downright mendacity, or to partial unsoundness of mind. It would be characteristic of him if, after all, he shrank from a decisive battle and confined himself to a furtive attempt to browbeat the President by persistent pressure into large concessions to the spoils politicians, which might appear as a victory for them sufficient to render a further open fight in Congress needless. A man so reckless of the good faith of his party can hardly be more careful of the good name of the President. But it is only just to President MCKINLEY to believe that his duty as President and his honor as a man are more sacred to himself than to General GROSVENOR or to any one of those who clamor for public plunder at the expense of the public good.



THE TWIN BATTLE-SHIPS ON THE STOCKS JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCH.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "KENTUCKY."

THE DOUBLE LAUNCHING OF THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIPS "KEARSARGE" AND "KENTUCKY" AT NEWPORT NEWS, MARCH 24, 1898.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HASTINGS & MILLER.

TWO NEW BATTLE-SHIPS.

THE ceremony of launching the sister war-ships *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky** was performed with complete success and amid a scene of splendid enthusiasm. The occasion was a triumph for the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Docks Company, for never before had a great battle-ship, much less two, been launched from a private yard in the South. It is estimated that fully 18,000 people were present when the launching party, escorted by the Governor of Virginia and his staff, with a guard of honor of the Fourth Virginia Regiment, reached the gayly decorated stand at the bow of the *Kearsarge*. The honor of being sponsor to this new and more magnificent edition of "the ship of the nation" devolved upon Mrs. Herbert Winslow, as the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Winslow, only surviving son of the Captain who commanded the older *Kearsarge* in her historic fight with the *Alabama*.

As the noble ship started to glide down her ways, Mrs. Winslow broke a bottle of champagne over the bow, and exclaimed, "I christen thee *Kearsarge*." An hour later the distinguished party had taken up their position on the *Kentucky*, and the ceremony was repeated, this time with Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Governor Bradley of Kentucky, in the post of honor. The latter occasion will be memorable as the first in which a goblet of water has been substituted for the traditional wine. The water was drawn from a spring on the old Lincoln farm.

Independent Kentuckians, however, did their best to counteract this official innovation by dashing flasks of Bourbon whiskey at the big ship's sides.

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* A full-page illustration and complete description of these vessels were given in HARPER'S WEEKLY, January 22, 1898.

CUBA.

DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN MATANZAS AND HAVANA.

MATANZAS, sixty-six miles by rail from Havana, on the northern coast of the island, is one of the principal sugar-exporting ports of Cuba. Cardenas, another such port, is but a short distance beyond Matanzas, and together the exports of these two cities may be considered as indicative of the activity in the sugar industry on the northern side of the island. These ports are the outlets of a vast and richly productive country.

In normal times this city of Matanzas, which is the capital of the province of the same name, is gay with evidences of wealth, and active with much commercial movement. Before the insurrection it contained over fifty thousand inhabitants. Here were found the homes of many rich sugar-planters—homes that a rare combination of good taste, luxury, and tropical comfort rendered charming and seductive, despite iron-barred windows and forbidding walls.

In the good times steamers and sailing-vessels were always anchored in the bay of Matanzas; freight-lighters were swung to the long wharf, unloaded, and charged again many times in a day; the black bodies of the stevedores glistened with the hard work, and in the shade at the far end of the wharf customs officers lounged in white duck, and chatted with visiting sea-captains. Handsome yachts from the North, their polished launches and trim sailor-men the admiration of the water-front, were frequent visitors at Matanzas.

To-day the city is quiet and stilled. The big steel lighters are moored fast to the river-bank, and their tarpaulins have covered their empty holds for months. The wharf is rotting and falling into the bay. The warehouses are empty and closed by dusty doors; cabs, once plentiful and busy, are now hard to find. Starving people drag listlessly through the streets. Occasionally a steamer comes in; then for a day or two the freighters are busy, and customs officials examine crates and barrels, and check invoices and bills of lading. But as soon as the steamer clears, the city returns to its inactivity, the people to their questions of the future, and the starving to numb despair.

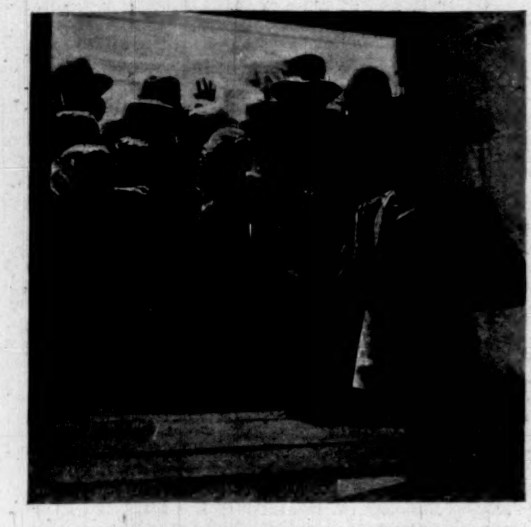
Since two thousand four hundred men, women, and children, but mostly women and children, died in this city in two months; since the dead lay and rotted in her streets; since sharks crowded the bay, seeking their share of corpses—Matanzas has changed indeed.

With her ten thousand starving people, with the gaunt beggars crowding the streets, with her suffering women in pitiful and threadbare mourning, and the silent records of the trenches for the dead, Matanzas was a sad city in the beginning of March, 1898.

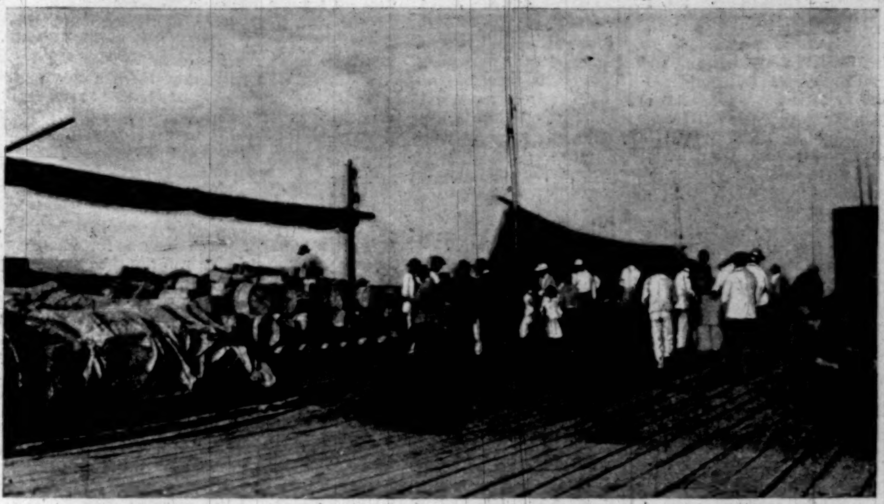
Then the smoke of burning cane-fields yellowed the afternoon sun, and fine ashes blew through the streets. The glow of destroying fires was seen nightly from house-tops. The streets were silent and almost deserted, save for the clattering passage of a Spanish officer and his orderly mounted on well-groomed and well-fed horses, the officer brave in English riding-boots, cool and fresh in the linen uniform of his country, and proudly wearing bright medals for bravery and heroic action.

This is one of the cities to which our country has sent food and medicines, to which the American relief will be regularly supplied.

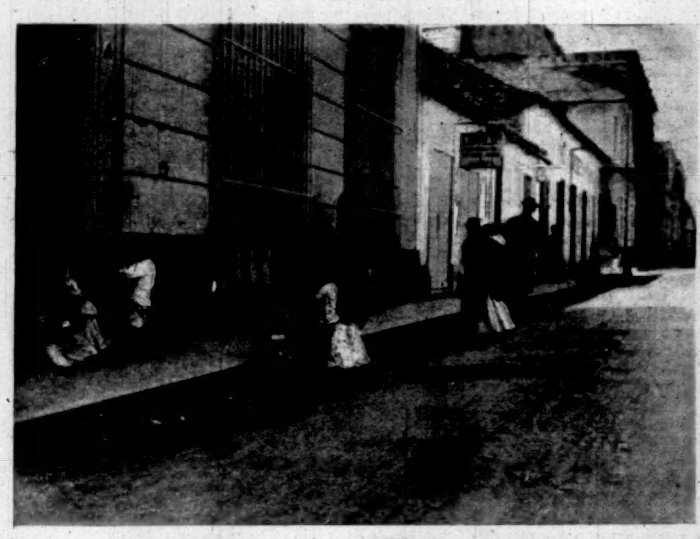
On Saturday morning, March 12, the first American



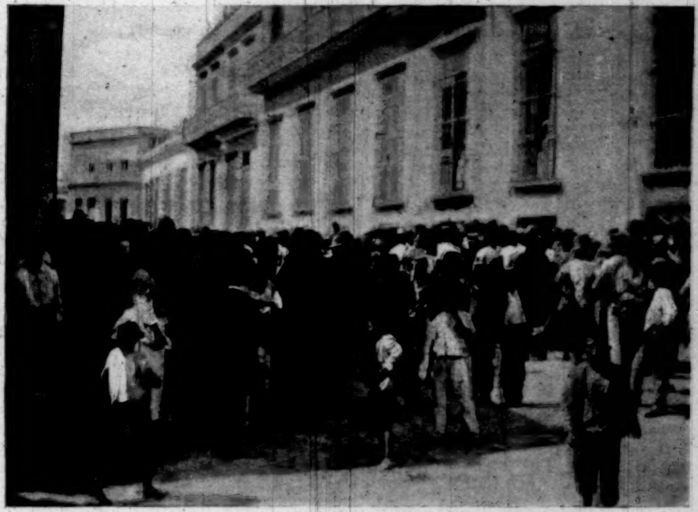
RECONCENTRADOS IN DOORWAY OF AMERICAN RELIEF BUREAU, HAVANA, AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.



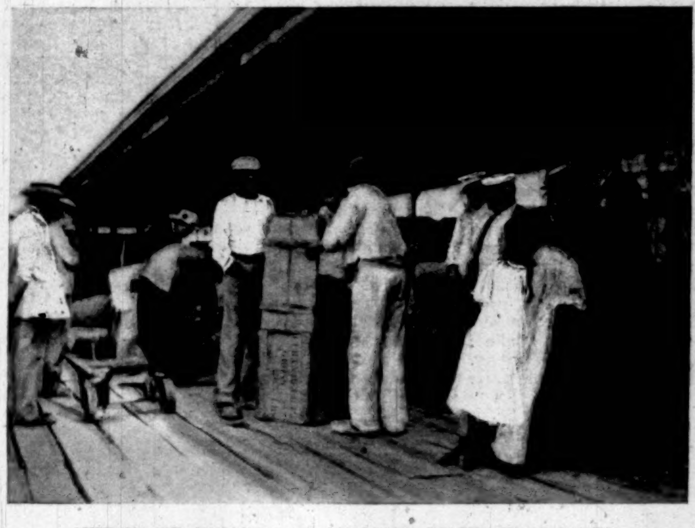
THE FIRST LOAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF RECEIVED IN MATANZAS, BROUGHT IN BY U. S. TRANSPORT STEAMER "FERN."



RECONCENTRADOS ON THE STREETS OF MATANZAS.



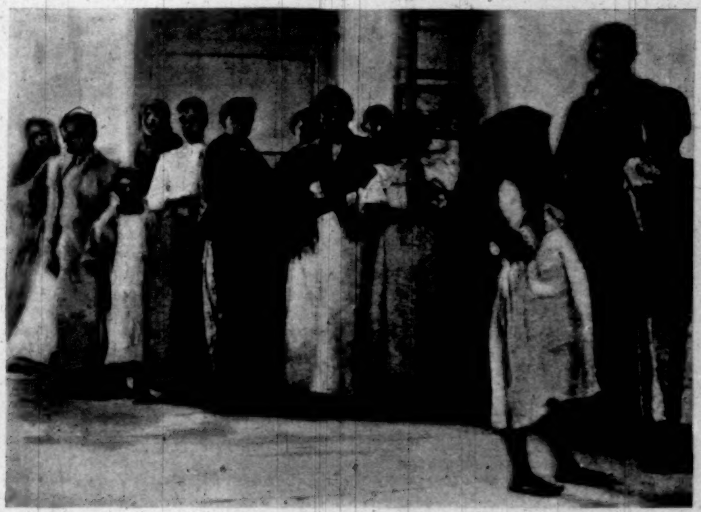
DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN SAN LAZARO STREET, HAVANA.



CUSTOMS EXAMINATION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN MATANZAS.

AMERICAN CONSULATE, MATANZAS.

THE DESERTED WHARVES AND WAREHOUSES OF MATANZAS.



APPLICANTS FOR RELIEF IN UNITED STATES CONSULATE, MATANZAS.

DISTRIBUTION OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN CUBA

From Photographs by Harold Martin, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

relief—long expected, long talked of, often asked for—arrived in the United States steamer *Fern* and the Norwegian tramp steamer *Bergen*. The *Fern* brought thirty-five tons from Key West, and the *Bergen* delivered fifty tons from New York and Philadelphia. There was probably no place in stricken Cuba where the help from our country was more sorely needed than in Matanzas. Eighty-five tons of food for the starving! The news of it went through the city, and women and children and old men crowded down to the consul's office, long before the goods were landed on the wharf, bearing each a can or a sack to carry away his or her portion.

On this day certain members of the Red Cross Society came over to Matanzas from Havana with the intention of arranging for the distribution of this relief. While the eighty-five tons of provisions already referred to was the first of the American relief to be received in Matanzas, a shipment of food to that city had been made by rail early in the week from Havana. This consignment of about two tons had been directed to the "Agent of the Red Cross, Matanzas." The railroad people knew of no one representing the Red Cross in their city, consequently the goods lay for five days in the station, and were only taken out and delivered to the starving people after the visiting delegation of the much-talked-of society were well on their way back to Havana on the afternoon of March 12. It subsequently transpired that the Red Cross people in Havana, who made this shipment of food to Matanzas, had intended that it should be received and distributed by Mr. Alexander C. Brice, American consul in that city. Mr. Brice had no intimation that the food was coming, he had no notification of its shipment, and the result of the unfortunate blunder in not properly marking the goods was that the suffering suffered for five days longer.

Sunday being a holiday, nothing could come through the custom-house; and although the eighty-five tons of food was delivered on the wharf by Saturday evening, it was not examined by the authorities until Monday morning.

It will be remembered that the Spanish government agreed to permit this relief to come into Cuba free of duty. This it has done; but the regrettable incident of the box of cheap jewelry found among the relief consigned to our consul-general in Havana resulted in the Matanzas custom-house being ordered by the Havana authorities to make an examination of the relief landed in its port, which would not otherwise have been done. It should be stated that the custom-house officials in Matanzas did all in their power to hasten this examination, and that the least possible delay resulted therefrom.

All day Sunday the American Consulate was visited by the reconcentrados asking news of the relief, bringing their tins and bags in the vain hope of at once receiving food. Letters also came to the consul, hundreds of them, in Spanish and in English, recommending to his generosity, and the charity of our country, people whom the writers feared would be overlooked. The letters all told the same story. The one that is given herewith is a fair sample of them all:

> *A. C. Brice, Esq.:*
>
> Dear Sir,—For God's sake, I recommend you the poor and sick widow, Mrs. ——, for when you will distribute the reliefs coming from States.
>
> She has five children, two of them sicks, and nobody help her. She lives No. 21 ——.
>
> Many thanks and excuses. Yours truly, —— ——

Mr. Brice carefully kept all names sent to him in this manner, and the cases were subsequently attended to.

Those seeking the Consulate for information could only be told that the food was still in the custom-house, and that they should leave their names and addresses with the civil governor, whose committee would attend to their case. Wearily the people turned away, and some went to the governor's palace to enter their names. I followed one woman, wishing to see how she was treated there. She came slowly out of the broad doorway of the palace.

"Did you think for a moment they would allow such as I to enter?" she said to me. "The soldiers turned me away." Her voice was dull and heavy, and she leaned against the walls for support. "Tell me," she went on, "is there really food for us?"

I assured her there was, and that more was coming.

"Many of us will die on the palace steps, waiting for them to decide how best to give it to us," she said.

The civil governor of Matanzas has appointed a committee of seven men to direct the distribution of this relief. Four of these men are doctors, most of them are Cubans, and they are all men of good reputation and standing in the community. This committee is helped in its work of distribution by the firemen of the city. The *bomberos*, as they are called in Spanish, are the best association of men in the capital. They are fair and reliable, men of respectability and standing, and that they are well inclined toward the poor is evidenced by the fact that for some time past they have maintained a free dispensary for the diseased and the suffering. The firemen are to make a canvass of the city, which is divided into districts, report the needs of the distressed in each district to the civil governor, who will issue orders on the warehouse for the food in quantity. The relief thus obtained will be distributed by the firemen, or under their direction, to the families on their original lists.

It is not a simple matter to distribute food to thousands of starving people, and especially in this Spanish city, where many resent this so-called intrusion of our country into their own affairs, and where it is the custom for all men to enrich themselves in some manner from any public work that it befalls them to perform. This system has the stamp of our consul's approval. Mr. Brice has been our consul in Matanzas for nearly four years. He saw the beginning of the war, he witnessed its horrors and its cruelties, and now he is active in relieving the misery and starvation that follow, and he has the respect and commendation of all men who know him. Mr. Brice controls the warehouse, and will deliver food on orders signed by the governor only. If he suspects misapplication of the relief, he is at liberty to refuse to deliver until he has seen the abuse remedied.

Mr. Brice is also free to send food where he may see fit, independent of the governor or of the governor's committee. In this way he will reach many of the "silent sufferers." This class is large, and perhaps the hardest to reach in all Cuba. They are the people who, by the war and its consequences, have been reduced from affluence and comfort to absolute, inevitable want. They are starving within the walls of their dismantled homes. Everything has been sold; the house itself is given by deed for the few dollars that will carry them along a month longer. The men of the family are dead or in the field, the women and children are fighting alone. Their property has been destroyed. In deep mourning, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, they are seen walking hurriedly hand in hand. Their faces are gaunt and pale, their eyes furtive and sad and despairing. Too proud to beg, too sensitive to come openly for relief, they despairingly drag through the bitter days, doing their feeble best to hold on to life—it is often hard for one to imagine for what reasons. Then, in an apathy that is born in the race and fed by years and months of physical suffering and mental anguish, they hopelessly and gently die. Of all the suffering and sorrow and misery that has come to the people of this fair island by reason of their present struggle for liberty, I believe the greatest burden has been borne by these sad and silent women I have mentioned. A lady in Matanzas told me this story. It is about one of these silent sufferers. The lady in question had in her house a tame dove, which is a common thing in the city. One day a friend, a young girl about twenty, daughter of a man formerly of considerable wealth and position, called upon her. The hostess was aware that her visitor's family was in straitened circumstances. The visitor noticed the dove and admired it.

"My little sister, who is ill, you know—and we fear she will die—has been wishing so much for a pet dove. How happy she would be if I could get her one! Do you know where I could do so?"

The dove in question was donated to the small sister, and the girl went home with it under her shawl.

Some days after this she was found, disguised, in the street at night, begging. A gentleman recognized her, led her to his house, and made her sit down at his table. Her mind was wandering; she had eaten nothing since the dove. She fiercely gathered into her shawl the food before her, and staggered toward her home.

Such cases as the above come by various ways to the notice of our consul, as well as to the governor's committee of seven. It is for the relief of these people that Mr. Brice will distribute independently, and he has secured the assistance, in this branch of his work, of several women in the city.

It is a great pleasure to record that on March 14 one thousand dollars in cash was sent to our consul in Matanzas for the express relief of these silent sufferers, and a like amount was sent to the American consul in Sagua la Grande. This money was given by the *Christian Herald* of New York.

All day Monday, March 14, the customs officials were busily engaged in examining the relief. The quality and condition of the food sent in were excellent. There were flour and corn meal, rice, bacon, lard, condensed milk, corn, codfish, beans, potatoes, clothing, quinine, etc. The people of Matanzas are unused to flour and its preparation, and to prevent its being wasted, arrangements have been made with a baker of the city by which this man is to return one hundred and seventy pounds of bread for each two hundred pounds of flour delivered to him. The bread will be given out to the reconcentrados.

On Monday the poor of the city visited the wharf and looked wistfully at the food that was being loaded on drays and ox-carts to be transferred to the warehouse which had been kindly loaned for purposes of storing and distributing the same.

It was difficult to obtain reliable information as to how the Spaniards of Matanzas considered the sending in of this American relief to the starving of their city. The civil governor, who is a man of humane feelings, was undoubtedly pleased, and so, of course, were all Cubans, of whom there are many in Matanzas. Some of the Spanish element thought that this application of indiscriminate relief was harmful to the people; that if the starving were succored now they would cease all effort to help themselves, and look to our country for future support. Certain others of the Spaniards were glad to see others assume a duty in which they had so shamefully failed; while still others resented, with expressions of anger, what they were pleased to call our intrusion into their own affairs, and declared that this was a leading step to gain possession of the island, that this was our ulterior motive, and we began our tactics by filling the bellies of the starving people. One custom-house man was surely hard pressed to account for the arrival of this relief that every one said came from the United States.

"Do you think the Americans are sending you this food?" he said to a group of lingering reconcentrados on the wharf. "Not at all; it comes from the rich Spaniards in New York and Philadelphia." But I think the reconcentrados knew better than to believe him.

It is probably a fact that some of the ill feeling in Matanzas awakened by our action in this matter can be traced to the pockets of venders of food in Matanzas, who will lose money thereby. Mr. Brice has spent in this city, since last May, twelve thousand dollars of the fifty-thousand-dollar Congressional appropriation for the relief of American citizens in Cuba; this expenditure will now cease. And while the reconcentrados surely had little enough to spend on food, still there was something; and now even this will probably be lessened.

On Tuesday, the 15th, the relief was all in the warehouse and ready to be distributed on the governor's orders. The firemen and the committee of seven were busy with lists, and this work was being attended to as well as could be expected. There will doubtless be some hitches in the beginning; but under the sharp eyes and decisive action of our consul they will soon be straightened out, and by the time the second consignment of relief reaches Matanzas the entire distributing machinery will be in working order. It is Mr. Brice's intention to establish kitchens where cooked food will be given out to the sick and to those who have no facilities at their command for the preparation of the raw article.

There has been established in the palace a bureau where those who have been omitted from the firemen's lists can repair and enter their names. This bureau is accessible to the people, and they are no longer turned away from the palace doors by the Spanish soldiers.

The same vessels that brought this relief to Matanzas have proceeded to Sagua la Grande, bearing as much food to that city as was left here. There the distribution of the food is in the hands of American Consul Barker.

The four hospitals in Matanzas are receiving good and ample rations. On an allowance of a pound a day to each person, eighty-five tons of provisions will feed ten thousand people for seventeen days. The excellent arrangements completed in Havana by Mr. Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, for the shipping to various points on the island of the American food received in that city, and the telling efforts of Mr. Klopsch to have this food sent down to Cuba from the United States, leave no doubt that Matanzas will receive a second supply before its present one is exhausted.

Even in Havana, where food has always been more plentiful, and where the American relief has been actively applied for some weeks past, the distress and suffering are still great. Mention of this has already been made in these letters.

On the front page of this number of the **Weekly** will be seen an excellent picture of Los Fosos, in Havana. This place is a long narrow yard not five minutes' walk from the Prado, the Fifth Avenue of Havana. Los Fosos was formerly, and to a certain extent still is, a storehouse for the city drays, a stable for the city mules, and the depository for old and useless municipal property. This is the only place that the city of Havana provides for the free shelter of the vast number of reconcentrados within her walls. In English the name Los Fosos means The Ditches, and the name is well applied.

Formerly the condition of Los Fosos and its wretched inmates was indescribable. Six hundred people were crowded into the two-story shambles on the left. They were naked and starving, diseased, filthy, dead, and dying. There were no beds, no food, no attendance, and no help—nothing but a herded mass of Cuba's unfortunates, reeking with dirt, eaten by disease, who had dragged themselves to Los Fosos to die. And die they did, at the rate of thirty a day.

During November and December of last year efforts were made to better the condition of Los Fosos. Subsequently the Red Cross Society became active in this field, and much good has been accomplished.

To one who now visits Los Fosos the improved condition of affairs is readily seen. There are beds and bedding; there is regular food; doctors are in attendance; medicine is supplied; and efforts are made toward cleanliness. The death-rate varies from three to six a day. But in Los Fosos to-day, bettered as it is, occur scenes of misery, disease, starvation, and death that can never be driven from the memory of those who witness them.

Harold Martin.

WASHINGTON.

March 28, 1898.

The President is still considering various plans for intervening between Spain and Cuba in behalf of the starving reconcentrados, with a view to adopting that which will give Spain the least legitimate cause for offence. It has been suggested by the representatives of European holders of Spanish-Cuban bonds that, if he should go so far as to demand a cessation of all warfare, he should do it in such a way as to leave room for diplomatic negotiation; they believe that they can then arrange a peaceful understanding which shall provide for the assumption by Cuba of all the Spanish debt incurred on Cuban account, with the United States government as guarantor. On the other hand, an intimation has been conveyed informally from Madrid that a party of advanced ideas there is trying to arrange for the feeding of the reconcentrados at Spanish expense, and for a decree of the most liberal autonomy for Cuba, reducing Spanish sovereignty to a mere name, and demanding only a reasonable fixed annual tribute to be paid into the treasury of the mother-country.

Meanwhile warlike preparations on the part of both Spain and this country continue. The Spanish torpedo flotilla, which was halted for a few days at the Canaries, has sailed for Porto Rico. The naval appropriation bill now before Congress authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to enlist men and boys enough to man all ships in commission, provided that the total number of men in the service shall not exceed 12,750, and of boys 1000. Recruiting-offices for seamen have been opened at all convenient points, with instructions for enlistment thus far unlimited. Orders have been issued to repaint all our war-ships a leaden-gray, that being, next to white, the coolest color under a tropical sun, and rendering ships least conspicuous as targets for an enemy's fire by daylight. Eight cutters of the Revenue Marine Service have been turned over to the Navy Department, to be armed and equipped for war, and the list of light-house tenders has been sifted for those vessels which can be made available for naval service. Eight of the old single-turret Monitors have been brought out of retirement, and will be assigned to harbor defence, in charge of the naval militia.

On Thursday Admiral Sicard was relieved of command at Key West on account of ill health, and succeeded by Captain William T. Sampson, with Captain Robley T. Evans second in command, and Commodore Winfield S. Schley was given command of the flying squadron now rendezvoused at Hampton Roads. According to a statement prepared by the Bureau of Naval Intelligence, the United States navy will stand only sixth among the navies of the world, even including the newly purchased vessels and those to be built with the appropriations in this year's budget, which authorizes three first-class battleships, six torpedo-boats, six torpedo-boat-destroyers, and one gunboat for the Great Lakes. Spain's navy ranks seventh.

Chaplain Chidwick of the *Maine* has made a report which shows that 257 men and two officers perished in the disaster, and that seven men died afterward of their injuries. Of the 171 bodies recovered from the wreck, 160 have been buried at Havana and eleven at Key West. Congress has passed a bill to reimburse the survivors of the disaster for the losses they sustained, to an amount not exceeding one year's sea pay in each case, and directing the payment of a sum equal to one year's pay to the heirs of the officers and men who perished.

The naval board of inquiry on the *Maine* disaster finished its report on Monday last, and on Tuesday Lieutenant-Commander Marix, the Judge-Advocate, started with it for Washington. On Friday morning it was presented to the President and considered by the cabinet, and to-day it was laid before both Houses of Congress.

(*See page 330 for "Maine" report.*) **Francis E. Leupp.**

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins has begun to deny the reports that since his return home after his visit to this country he has made remarks unkind or uncomplimentary to the people of this great country. He writes to the *Critic* that it is really a matter of moment to him what is thought of him here, and that the reports of his utterances about America since his return are, so far as they have come to his notice, untrue.

This is the sequence of the experiences of the British lecturer who comes to these shores. He is interviewed when he lands, or before, does his best to say nothing, and begins the next day to deny that he was correctly reported. He carefully refrains from saying anything that is not absolutely harmless during his stay, but the utmost circumspection does not relieve him of the necessity of making occasional denials of remarks imputed to him. On the eve of his departure he is urged to give his impressions of America, but refrains from anything but commonplaces, and as his ship sails out of New York Harbor reports of his deliverances appear, which have a clear start of at least a fortnight before further denials can follow them. Then follow the reports of what he said after reaching home, and then more denials.

It is not pleasant. Mr. Hawkins ought to be assured that it is widely appreciated in this country that our apparatus for recording events that did not happen and remarks that were never made has reached an extraordinary pitch of proficiency, and that adequate allowance is always made by Americans of average intelligence for the inaccuracy of all remarks with which our visitors are credited.

Mr. Lang, grumbling to the *Critic* about this nuisance of irresponsible tattle, writes: "I wish British writers would 'swear oath, and keep it with an equal mind,' *never* to visit your hospitable country as readers or lecturers. But even so, do you think that they would escape the odium of being said to have said things?"

Come and see, Mr. Lang; come and see. There is a fair possibility that if you came here for fun you might *have* fun, just as there is a reasonable certainty that if you came here to earn money you would get the money. There is really a distinction between visitors who come here to make money by talking and visitors who come for pleasure, or to labor in other fields. There is a young Belgian prince somewhere in the country now, who seems as yet to have suffered no inconvenience from misreported talk or unpleasant surveillance. Signor Boldini the portrait-painter has been here for some months, and except that the Custom-House has tried to convict him of swindling, and that he has had pneumonia, there are grounds for hoping that he has had a pleasant visit. M. Carolus Duran has just arrived from Paris, and as he does not care to be advertised, and is wholly independent of the newspapers, the chances are that his experiences will be serene. Those who live by the sword must expect to perish by the sword, and those who expect to profit by newspaper notices must be prepared for the drawbacks that seem to be inseparable from publicity so promoted.

Colonel George E. Waring, Jr. (175 Second Avenue), can put $900 to advantageous use in publishing for distribution the full report of the operations of the Department of Street-Cleaning of New York during Mayor Strong's administration. This report was made last December, and 2500 copies of it were ordered to be printed; but Mayor Strong went out of office before the work was done, and the present administration does not care to undertake it. The report contrasts by photographs the condition of the streets when Colonel Waring began work with their condition when his labors ended. He will receive subscriptions, little and big, to pay the cost of publication, but prefers not to receive more than $10 from any one subscriber.

Some weeks ago, when there was a little snow, a little ice, and very muggy weather, the streets for a time were very nasty, and there was a good deal of complaint that the Street-Cleaning Bureau was demoralized. It does not seem so to Colonel Waring. He was quoted last week as saying:

> People who think they have recognized a difference in the streets since the first of the year are merely hypnotized. In my time they thought the streets were much better than they were. Now they think they are worse than they are.

So much the more credit to Colonel Waring, and so much the better for us, if, now that his head is off, his soul goes marching on. Though his head *is* off, he can still use his eyes, and that's unusual.

It is getting to be a habit in New York to have a great out-of-door show every year, and if possible to have it in the spring. If a special occasion offers, the most is made of it; if a special occasion is wanting, there is Memorial day to fall back upon, which falls on a more convenient date than the Fourth of July. The great parades of 1893 and 1897 were profitable spectacles in many ways. They attracted hosts of people to New York, put money in the pockets of hotel-keepers, merchants, and many other industrious and deserving persons, and made entertainment for a huge multitude of spectators. No doubt a large majority of the population of New York likes such shows, and is glad when a new one is planned. Doubtless the Charter-day celebration, which is planned for the first week in May, will be largely due to the appreciation of our present rulers of this detail of the popular disposition. The plans for it include activities which will be spread over May 3, 4, and 5. The expectation is that on Tuesday, May 3, there will be evening exercises at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York and at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and an illuminated naval parade on the bay and rivers of the city; on Wednesday the programme calls for a great military parade in New York, to be followed by a banquet in the evening, and illuminations and fireworks in all the boroughs. On Thursday there may be a civic and industrial parade and a ball. The event commemorated is the signing of the Greater New York charter by Governor Morton. It is by no means clear to all citizens of New York that that was an act the expediency of which has yet been demonstrated, or one entirely fit to be recalled with acclamations; still, if the money for the celebration is forth-coming, the show will doubtless take place, and there is no good reason to doubt that it will be an imposing show. How much heartiness can be developed for this project, and how much money can be raised to carry it out, have yet to appear, but meanwhile its plans are bravely made and invite execution.

In all the press of war rumors the New York papers have found room to mention the acquisition by this metropolis of a new resident, Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, who has bought himself a house on the corner of Sixty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, and intends to spend as much of his time in it as he may find convenient. Mr. Ellsworth is a banker and an owner of coal-mines, but the special peculiarity which makes his translation to New York somewhat notable is that he is a collector of rare books. He brings his books here with him, and indeed it is mentioned as a moving reason for his migration that the atmosphere of Chicago is very bad for books, and that he wishes to keep his treasures where they will be subject to less risk of damage. No doubt this is a consideration—though the great Chicago libraries are able to wash the coal dust and gases out of the air they use before it gets to the books—but a rich collector who comes to New York has no need to make explanations or give excuses. His condition explains all. Collectors are naturally gregarious. They like to get together and envy one another, and compare and gloat over treasures, and especially to incite one another to breakages of the tenth commandment. To be a collector all by one's self is an inferior sport. To be sure, there must be many collectors in Chicago, whose local rivalries help to keep them alive, but to each of them, provided he is rich enough and free to follow his inclination, there is apt finally to come the impulse to pack up his things and move them to headquarters, and the headquarters of American collectors is undoubtedly New York.

Mr. Ellsworth has other things besides books—paintings, tapestries, and other costly junk. No doubt in the fulness of time they will make an interesting auction, and then we shall all have a chance to look them over. Welcome, Mr. Ellsworth!

In a recent note on this page of the Weekly about the controversy over the teaching of English at Yale it was remarked that "the branch of the study of English at Harvard which has had the greatest recent development and excited the most general interest has been the study of English composition." A reader of the Weekly who knows all about the English courses at Harvard thinks this opinion likely to mislead, and writes:

> If I had been asked to name the branch of the subject which had received the greatest attention lately I would say that more has been done in English literature than in English composition. If the prescribed courses are left out of consideration this is certainly true, and even in those literature plays an important part. In English A, for example, which is prescribed for all first-year students, a certain amount of reading is required, and a certain amount of talk on literary subjects is given by instructors. The theory is that the study of literature and practice in composition should go hand in hand. In the largest course in composition in the Sophomore year—English 22—the lectures are distinctly of a literary character. In the courses in the earlier literature linguistics play an important part, no doubt, but the literary aspect of the authors studied is by no means neglected, and never has been. It is to be noted, moreover, that the mass of the work in composition is done by the younger men, who are assistants holding annual appointments, and that most of the work in literature, both the earlier and the later, is done by the older men who are members of the faculty.
>
> I may add that in my judgment it is quite as important that a graduate should know how to write as that he should know how and what to read.

It was noticed the other day that the prospectus of the Woman's Hotel Company did not state by what regulations the boarders in the prospective hotel for working-women were to be governed. It seems that the management appreciates the disadvantage of set rules, and intends to run its house "without any restrictions except those conventional ones that obtain in any well-regulated hotel for mixed guests." "It is assumed," writes the Acting Secretary of the Preliminary Committee of the proposed company, "that a houseful of women of the classes for whose accommodation this first hotel is intended—artists, teachers, journalists and writers, students, and the grades of clerks earning liberal wages—will behave themselves quite as well as an equal number of men, and will not need to be put under boarding-school or institutional rules. If any guest should discredit the house, it would be a simple matter to terminate her occupancy, as all rooms would be rented by the day or week."

It was not made clear the other day in the Weekly that while dividends on the stock of the proposed hotel are limited to five per cent., the surplus profits which are expected are to be invested in other similar hotels, which in turn would expect to pay five-per-cent. dividends, so that subscribers' expectations of income would not necessarily be limited to the first five per cent.

The point is emphasized that the projected hotel is intended to promote the comfort and general welfare of working-women in fairly good circumstances, who can afford to pay from $6 to $12 a week for living expenses. "When the housing of such persons as these has been shown to be a commercial success, it will be easier," writes Secretary Kellogg, "to secure the capital with which to care for other classes."

A deserving class that yearns ceaselessly for care in New York is composed of self-supporting working-men with families of a social turn and inured to luxury. It is to be hoped that when Mills Hotels and Women's Hotels abound in sufficient number this class will get attention. At present it has to shift for itself, and shifts often—on May 1, September 1, and at other times—without getting much satisfaction. It is the prey of capital instead of being its beneficiary, and its normal state is one of distress on the lookout for mitigations. Often an unequal struggle ends by individual members of it being driven into the country. Some day this class ought to have an innings, and be put in the way of bettering itself. That it should serve forever as a mere prop for land values on Manhattan Island does not seem to accord with the reasonable intention of nature.

The appearance in this department of the Weekly of a quotation of some length from the recent address of Professor William James, before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, in opposition to the Medical Registration bill, has seemed to a Boston reader to betoken "a slight leaning towards Christian Science." By way of stretching out a saving hand he sends the reply to Professor James, which appeared in the Boston *Transcript* of March 7. This reply tells, among other things, of two lamentable cases where Christian Science seemed to be responsible for deaths which medical skill could probably have averted. While such cases, which seem not to be very rare, may well make people wary of risking their lives on so vague and puzzling a system of cure as Christian Science, it is another question whether they warrant the attempt to crush out that school of experiment by legislation. The regular doctors make terrible mistakes, but still we cleave to them. If persons who believe that they have fair intelligence, and who are admitted to be of at least average capacity to take care of themselves, want to wager their lives on the effectiveness of Christian Science, though experience may prove a dear school, still, to the present paragrapher it seems to be expedient to let them go their own gait and take their chances. As for himself, if "Beacon" cares to know, he very much prefers to take his chances with the regular doctors, and to intrust to their charge any case for the care of which he is in any measure responsible.

The more the regulation of people's practices and preferences can be left to their own common-sense, the better. The Boston aldermen lately passed an ordinance against the wearing of hats in theatres, which has been strictly enforced, and seems to have been effectual in abating the theatre-hat nuisance. But some Boston women think it too sweeping, and a petition signed by 120 of them, many of them well-known women, beseeches the board to modify it so as "to permit the wearing of a covering for the head that, in the managers' opinion, is not large enough to obstruct the view." At present, these petitioners say, the enforcement of the ordinance "often subjects persons to embarrassing annoyance, and compels them, on the unreasonable complaint of some one, to run the risk of illness." The suggestion thus implied that some Boston ladies wear hats in the theatres to keep their heads warm is novel and interesting, and the Boston aldermen must be very polite or very inexperienced if they didn't receive it with smiles.

The *O'Higgins* is not for sale, and The O'Grady is dead. We have all learned what an *O'Higgins* is. It is a kind of war-ship, made to order in England for Chili. Our Uncle Samuel would be glad to have one, but there is but one, and that, as stated, is not in the market.

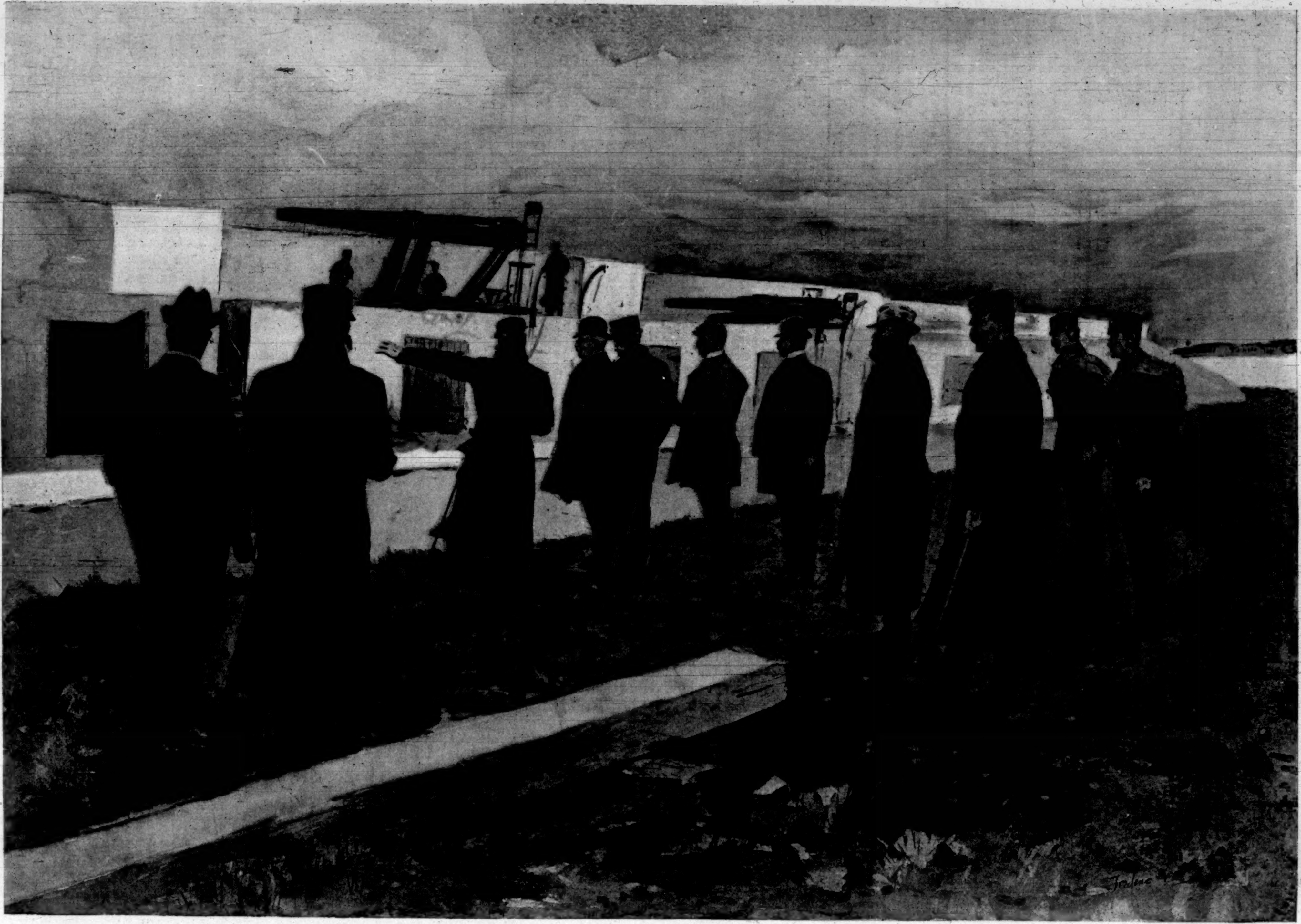
Popular knowledge about The O'Grady is less exact, and consists largely of information, issued from Dublin, that he died on the 22d of March, and that it was on his estate at Herbertstown, in Kilballyowen, County Limerick, that the "plan of campaign" was first put into execution. He was born in 1844, and his supplementary name was Thomas de Courcy, which indicates, subject to correction by authority, that he was of Norman descent, and was probably the representative of one of the Norman families that settled in Ireland after the Conquest. The "plan of campaign" was to pay no rent, and thus compel evictions. If it was executed on The O'Grady's estate it seems likely to have been done without his complicity, so it is doubtful whether he deserves credit for it in his obituaries. The Dublin despatches do not tell whether The O'Grady left a successor, but doubtless he did, following the precedent of the Phœnix, and other unique notabilities.

Governor Cooke of Connecticut, in his fast-day proclamation, issued March 22, urges prayers that war be averted, provided its avoidance is consistent with humanity and national honor. In view of information lately published about the defencelessness of New Haven and Bridgeport, the Governor's recommendation seems timely and judicious.

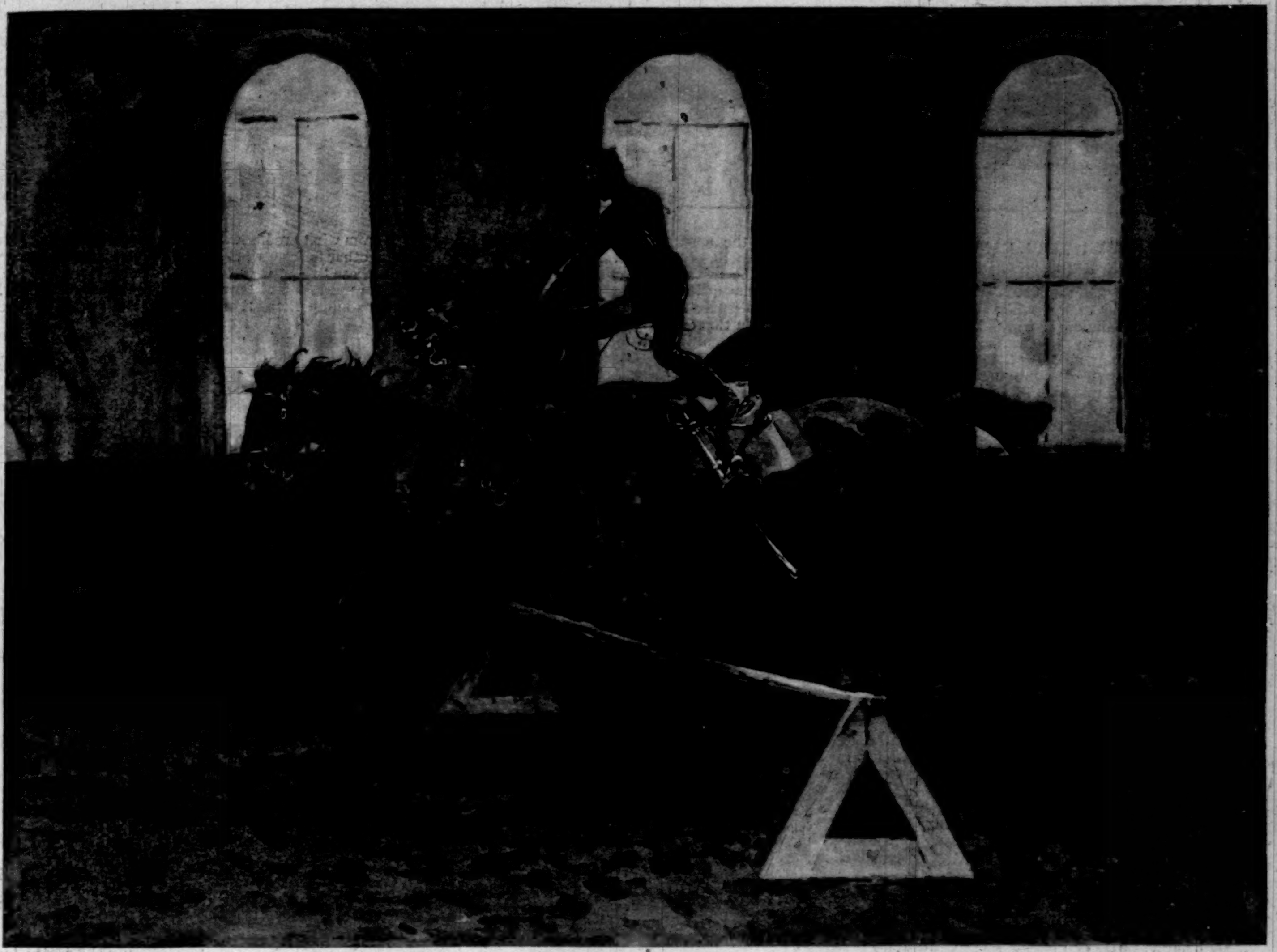
It is the fate of Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene's poem, "De Massa ob de Sheep-fol'," that it should be perennially attributed to authors who did not write it. There never has been any real doubt that Mrs. Greene wrote it. It first appeared in her book *Towhead*. She says, "Its popularity has always oppressed me with a sort of sadness, as indicating on the part of our humanity such an extreme preponderance of black sheep." There is nothing about the poem that need make Mrs. Greene sad. It happened to her, when she wrote it, as it happened to Dr. Holmes when he wrote the "Chambered Nautilus," that she did better than she could. Poems as good as those are not made, but born, and the responsibility (and credit) for them is not so much that of an author as of a parent. Mrs. Greene can well afford to treat that poem with affection. As for her idea that its popularity indicates a preponderance of black sheep, that seems hardly a justifiable conclusion; but if it is, the popularity of the parable of the Prodigal Son must betoken the same condition.

The annual report for 1897 of the Consumers' League of New York gives the league's "White List" of the retail houses which approach nearest to the league's standard in their dealings with their employees. The list includes thirty-six names of firms, among which are to be found about a dozen of the large dry-goods concerns, though several of the biggest are not in it. The league's purpose is to make consumers feel responsibility for producers, and by the influence of its members to better the condition of working-women and shop-girls in New York. Its members undertake to favor houses which use their working-women well, and shun those which don't. A fair house, according to the league's standard, is one in which equal work gets equal pay, irrespective of the sex of the worker; in which adults get at least six dollars a week, paid weekly; in which fines go into a fund for employees' benefit; and in which cash-girls get at least two dollars a week. The hours of a fair house are from eight to six, with three-quarters of an hour for lunch, and one half-holiday a week for two months in summer. Fair houses also comply with sanitary laws, provide seats for saleswomen (as required by law), use employees humanely, show consideration for fidelity and length of service, and employ no children under fourteen years old.

E. S. Martin.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A., INSPECTING THE DEFENCES OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AFTER A SKETCH MADE BY HIM ON THE SPOT.



HURDLING ON THREE HORSES.

"THE WAR OF THE WORLDS."*

One takes up a new book from Mr. Wells's pen with the certainty of being forced to admiration of its author's literary skill. In the eight or nine volumes which have pronounced him one of the most original and felicitous writers among the younger English novelists no one can dispute the presence of a veritable instinct for story-telling. The terse impressionism of his style would vitalize any plot, even the dullest. But Mr. Wells has other qualities besides the knack of writing well. He has a most powerful imagination, which he disciplines by a constant use of calculating precision in the choice of words; a delicate and insinuating wit; above all—brains. He can think as well as write; his ideas are founded on knowledge, and will bear the seal of scientific analysis. A certain prodigality of cleverness has so far stood between him and the wide popularity he deserves—a cleverness purchased at times by the sacrifice of that spirit of nature which Lowell used to commend as the essence of all good literature. A man of letters who is also a student of science turns instinctively to scientific possibilities for his themes, and in handling them is very apt to produce what is merely an intellectual *tour de force*. Mr. Wells did not avoid this pitfall in his *Island of Dr. Moreau*. *The Time Machine*, on the other hand, as well as many of the tales in *Thirty Strange Stories*, was not only completely successful in its attempt upon the reader's intellect, but absolutely satisfying as a story.

The War of the Worlds is a tale after this kind. The subject is the invasion of England by the inhabitants of Mars, the horrors of their initial successes, and their final defeat and death. Whether the book can boast of a scientific justification or not is not a matter of literary concern. It is written as a story, and as a story it must be judged. To urge as one of its merits that it is possible, or true, or likely to happen, is to confound a tale with a treatise. Luckily it stands in no need of any such impertinent defence. By virtue of its rare imagination and picturesque language it is raised above the suspicion of mere juggling. He has preserved the human, individual interest without losing the effectiveness of his supernatural adventures. He burns it into us that thus we too should have felt and acted in the presence of a Martian invasion. A writer who sets out to thrill you with a display of imaginative horrors must be very sure of his weapons. There exists for him no comfortable resting-place between failure and success. If he falls, he falls like Lucifer; if he succeeds, his success is absolute and patent. The reason must be won over to surrender its last outpost, or the book remains simply a piece of cleverness. In reading *The War of the Worlds* the issue is never in doubt. The book grips you from the start, and holds you captive, just as Jules Verne's romances used to entrance your boyish imagination. Much of its strength is due to the contrast between the tale itself and Mr. Wells's manner of telling it. He has a complete check over his imagination, and makes it effective by turning his most horrible fancies into language of the simplest, least startling denomination. The calm elaborateness of detail and the matter-of-fact fashion in which he sets about engraving the most thrilling incidents on our minds, have all the effect, only in another way, of Mr. Stockton's immovable gravity in the midst of his funniest yarns. *The War of the Worlds* is not only a tale of capital interest, it has the precision and reasonableness, the sense of distance and proportion, that are the foundation of imaginative literature.

Sydney Brooks.

THE TRAINING OF CAVALRY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Illustrated by the Author.

It was some two years since I had visited the cavalry post at Fort Myer, Virginia. At that time I had supposed that our new system of horse-training and Cossack riding had reached the limitations of man and beast. But on recently seeing the drill I was amazed to find that there are seemingly no bounds to this thing. The horses seem to use their brains almost as much as the riders use theirs, while in no circus which it has been my fortune to see has the riding equalled what all United States troopers can do at that post.

I fear almost to tell about it. I should not expect to be believed had not many thousands of delighted people witnessed the same feats by some of the same troopers at the admirable Military and Athletic Tournament held recently at the Madison Square Garden in New York.

In the first place, Colonel Sumner, commanding the Sixth Cavalry, said distinctly it was his policy not to permit anything like competition, as it would tend to the extra training of a few men at the expense of the others, and to its attendant jealousy or laxity. Consequently cooks, extra-duty men, and all other enlisted men at Fort Myer can do everything which one sees in the riding-hall. Every soldier is of necessity an athlete in training; he could not be otherwise. They are all Americans—a very high grade of young fellows—all good material for non-commissioned officers, and some for even higher honors if war should summon their energies. They are each and every one finished horsemen as well as daring riders, not only practically, but theoretically.

Lieutenant Short of Troop A was good enough to initiate me into the opening secrets by taking two freshly arrived "remounts," not previously ridden or handled, to the riding-hall. Here he put on his "hackamore" in lieu of a bridle, and by a simple system of ropes running from broad straps around the pasterns to rings at the bottom of a broad leather surcingle he began. He slowly brought the horse to its knees, saying, "Lie—down—down—down." The horse fought, but not very hard, because Mr. Short was so patient and gentle with it. He sought not to excite or anger the animal. He would have taken all day if necessary, but after ten minutes the horse succumbed to the inevitable and lay down. It was petted and allowed to rise, when the other one was handled similarly. Thus the horses came to recognize that man was their master, and that they had nothing to fear from him.

These being particularly tractable beasts, Mr. Short said he would carry their training farther at that time, in my interest, although it was not the custom to do so, for fear of overdoing matters. He threw a horse, and upon its recovering its feet, mounted it bareback. The horse was dazed, and did not apparently mind this new indignity. It was then put through the "bending" movements by the easy leg pressure, to which it lent ready obedience. Then it was led up to a low brush hurdle at the end of a chute, and following a veteran troop-horse, was forced over the hurdle on a "lunge." After their first lesson these two horses were better broken than half the mounts one sees in the parks. All that remains is wrought out by patience, and never by any possibility is a horse hurt or maddened by too great a call on its energies. When the horse is issued to a soldier the man takes it to the riding-hall in his leisure moments and puts it carefully through its schooling. If a horse by over-training becomes resentful it is let out of school for the day—for all the world like a sulky boy. They do not rub an education into it.

As to the trooper, he is gone at in much the same way. It is found at long intervals that some men are too clumsy or timid for horse-soldiers, and they go elsewhere. But by proceeding gently, by a vigorous training of the muscles, the soldier gains confidence in himself. At the end of a time, which varies greatly in men, he will attempt absolutely anything with a horse, and he has so much activity, so much knowledge of how to fall, so much "horse sabé," that he is seldom hurt as he sprawls in the soft tan-bark of the ring.

Four troops were successively drilled in the hall before an admiring audience—the first two in intricate music-rides, side passages in line, lying down, and manœuvres calculated to show their perfect training.

The third troop, drilled by Lieutenant Nissen, came in bareback—and here is where I am afraid of my statements. I should not have believed it if I had not seen it. One should be or have been a bit of a horseman himself fully to appreciate such a thing. I have attempted to show in my drawings some of the most astonishing feats; and, mind you, these were performed by every horse and man on the tan-bark. The hurdle-jumping was done by men of Lieutenant Short's troop while standing up in the saddle with their coarse shoes on. This, I am told, is more difficult than when they are bareback with rubber-soled tennis-shoes.

The Roman race was indulged in by three men at a time, each controlling three horses bareback. They were in a large riding-hall, and not in a circus ring, and the horses were run at top speed—so fast, indeed, that two of them were upset on the turns.

There was much besides this—notably a soldier running beside three linked horses, vaulting while at the hurdle jump clean over two mounts to land on the nigh horse. Also, when mounted double, and at full career, the men changed places in a most astonishing way, the front rider whirling with his back to the rear man while supported by his heel on the rear rider's toe.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that our cavalry soldiers play their game so well. For myself, I have never seen any class of riders in any part of the world who could do as well or anything like as well—a large part of the "flash" riding of Cossacks and Comanche Indians being done by artificial aids of either saddlery or loops of various sorts which support them.

I wish those blatant patriots who are so ready to rely on our 10,000,000 able-bodied but untrained "available" men in the event of war could go and look these cavalrymen over, and ask themselves how long it will take to qualify the proper proportion of this material for troopers for the Sixth Cavalry.

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* *The War of the Worlds*, by H. G. Wells. Harper & Brothers. $1 50.

BRIGHT SKIES IN THE WEST

BY

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

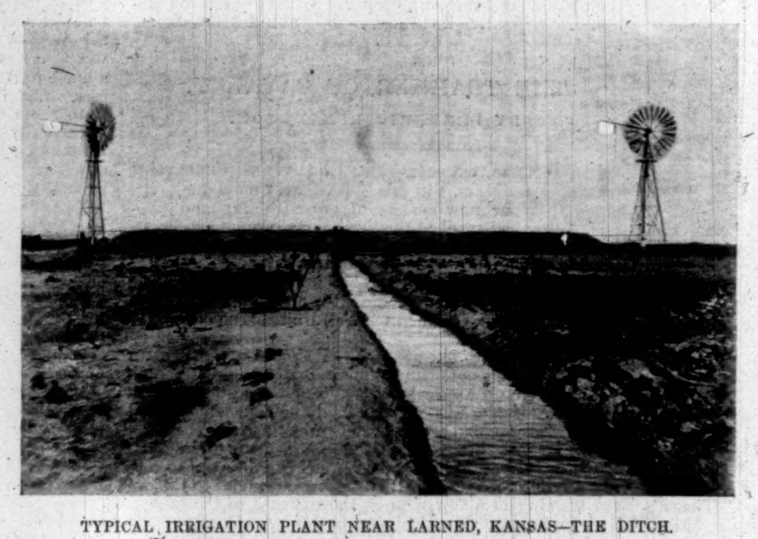
IX.—IRRIGATION IN WESTERN KANSAS AND WESTERN NEBRASKA.

ONE of the professors of the Kansas State Agricultural College said to me, while discussing the prospect of reclaiming the arid lands in western Kansas and western Nebraska:

"It is possible and entirely probable that in a few years we may see church congregations praying for wind instead of for rain in the arid regions of the Middle West. For with wind it will be possible to pump up the waters that have been stored in the earth beneath for centuries. A drought of wind may come to be regarded as bad as if not worse than a drought of water."

In this remark of the Kansas professor there was economic truth of vast importance to the arid parts of the Middle West. A few years ago the cry in those regions, according to Governor Leedy, was, "Irrigate or emigrate." Hundreds of farmers irrigated and thousands emigrated. Statistics show that the population in Kansas west of the 100th meridian in 1889 was 81,279; in 1895, in the same territory, it was only 49,850. More than 31,000 of the population emigrated in six years. A few hundred of them perhaps died. They had gone into the western parts of Kansas and Nebraska in the boom-times of the eighties, and even did fairly well in the years that followed immediately, when there was an excess of rainfall. Then normal conditions began to prevail, and the hard times, which were as hard to bear as blistering droughts, arrived, and the exodus from the region of despair began, and continued until nearly one-half of the people had moved out, and many of those who remained wished that they could go also. Villages and homes were deserted over a wide reach of territory, and the wreck and ruin of blasted hopes and the unequal contest with nature were evident on every hand. One of these hopeless struggles, recorded in an address of Edward McLernon at the fourth annual meeting of the Nebraska Irrigation Association, was so noteworthy that it is recounted here:

> In 1881 I located at Sidney, nearly two hundred miles west, then a country of cattle and sheep ranches. In 1885, the farmers, lured on by the rains and dews which fell on a soil as fertile as any on top of earth, took the entire country, and the cattle-man had to go. Some very strong colonies were planted in Cheyenne County—then large enough for an empire in itself—the area being 6,000,000 acres. Notable among these was a colony of Dunkards, about fifty families in all. They located on a divide immediately south of the town of Sidney. Several built residences costing from $1500 to $3000, with barns and outbuildings which would do credit to any country. All were comfortably fixed, and if any one lacked, he was promptly assisted by his friends and neighbors. They fenced their land, and nearly every one had a windmill. They were well supplied with good heavy Eastern horses, and the best and most improved machinery, all of which they shipped in car lots. Some brought their houses framed, all ready to set up. A large church building was erected in the centre of the colony, neatly painted outside, and well furnished and seated with plain substantial furniture.
>
> Hard-working, thrifty, economical, temperate, and intelligent, weighted down with none of the vices, and possessed of all the virtues which we regard as essential to success, located upon a soil as rich as any on the face of the earth, can we wonder that not one of these people ever doubted that he had indeed found a goodly land—that here he could live, and here would he slumber, awaiting the sound of the trumpet calling the children of men before the judgment-seat? It is with feelings of deepest sorrow that I record the fact that all these good people have abandoned their farms. Some have taken land in the valleys under irrigation, and have gone to work with renewed energy, but the larger number were too much discouraged to think of making another effort, and, very foolishly, I think, went East to commence the battle of life anew.



TYPICAL IRRIGATION PLANT NEAR LARNED, KANSAS—THE DITCH.

So the story of abandoned farms in the East was repeated in the West, but under entirely different conditions. The Western farms were fertile, rich in all the needed chemical properties that make agriculture profitable. Rain alone was needed to make millions of acres of land of milk and honey. But of rain there was little. "Dry farming" was a failure; wet farming was out of the question, and the parched condition of the land responded to the parched condition of the hopes and ambitions of many a weary man and woman. They fled from the land, with what belongings they could save, as if they had been driven from their homes by fire. Nature had repulsed that attack upon her frontier. In the words of the Hon. D. M. Frost, president of the State Board of Irrigation of Kansas, there were two alternatives only. One was "to turn back these broad plains to the undisputed sway of the cattle-men, to lead upon them a wild nomadic life shorn of the advantages of society, schools, churches, and all higher enjoyments. The other was to adopt a new method, a different system of agriculture, and renew the struggle to overcome the adverse conditions of nature."

The second alternative was chosen. The battle has been resumed, and it has been found that a very extraordinary condition of affairs prevails in that arid territory—a condition of affairs that in time may bring about the subjugation of the land to the complete uses of man. These conditions are wrapped up in these facts: There is a very small rainfall in all that territory, not sufficient in itself to supply the needs of agricultural vegetation; there is a known and almost steady velocity of the wind, blowing with the greatest strength and regularity in the spring and summer; there is a vast amount of water in great sheets, rivers, and lakes under all of the upland or arid parts of the region, the extent of which cannot even be guessed, and the accumulation, according to Professor Erasmus Haworth, of the University of Kansas, may be the result of the rains and snows "for thousands of centuries." By the utilization of the winds above the earth and the waters under the earth the lands may be brought into a condition that will support prosperous agriculture.

The rainfall, according to records of forty years, is 34 inches a year in eastern Nebraska, and only 13 inches in western Nebraska. In eastern Kansas the rainfall annually is 30 inches, and on the western edge of the State it is from 15 to 17 inches a year. The rain-clouds come up from the Gulf of Mexico, and drop the moisture freely on the eastern third of the States of the Middle West. The middle parts of these States get a rainfall of from 20 to 25 inches—sufficient to maintain vegetation under ordinary circumstances. These belts are called the semi-arid parts of the region. In time of drought they suffer grievously. In the western third, called the upland territory because of the gradual slope of the earth toward the Rocky Mountains, we have the arid territory. In the east, or well-watered part of this country, the elevation above the sea-level is about 750 feet. It gradually rises, at the rate of about seven feet a mile, until, on the western border, it has an elevation of more than 3300 feet.

Now for the wind currents. Exhaustive study has been made of these at the State Agricultural College in Kansas. It has been found that for the five months from April to August, inclusive, the wind blows steadily, almost, at the rate of more than fifteen miles an hour for seventeen hours of the day. But it has been found that, beginning in June, the rate of wind diminishes rapidly in power-supply. In August the wind often blows only seven hours a day, instead of seventeen. In 1894 the velocity of the wind in August was only 4.4 miles an hour. Now it has been found that in using the wind for pumping water from wells a velocity under six or above thirty miles an hour is useless. Taking the entire year into consideration, it has been found that 69 per cent. of the wind blows by in the five months from April to August, inclusive. The sudden drop in July and August is most serious to those who depend upon wind to secure water from day to day. Tables for five years show that the greatest part of useless winds come in August. The average horse-power derived from a ten-foot windmill may be set in round numbers at 3000 for a month, or 100 a day. In August the horse-power in such a mill drops to about 1350, or less than one-half. The actual figures are: April, 5133 horse-power; May, 4242; June, 2912; July, 1951; August, 1353; September (too late to be of much benefit to crops), 2712. It is known therefore almost exactly how great and how constant are the lifting power of these smart breezes that sweep daily over the prairies—breezes such as are not known in the East.

More surprising even than the data about the wind are the data about the water in that region, especially in the uplands. In the first place, we should remember that water is essentially a geologic output. Its conservation, flow, rate of supply, are as much a matter of geologic determination as are similar characteristics of natural gas or oil. Now there are three distinct kinds of water-supply to be found in Kansas and Nebraska outside of flowing streams and conserved rainfall. The first is the underflow that is present in all the valleys of the region where a river runs. It is such a flow as may be found near all rivers in what are known as humid States. One may dig down anywhere from three to twelve feet in such valleys and find an ample supply of water. There is little trouble to secure a water-supply in any of these lowlands, even in the arid regions of the west. It is believed generally that the underflow from nearly all the rivers would water twice as much territory as the direct flow of the streams themselves if the water were turned out upon the land instead of being allowed to go to the ocean. So prevalent is water in all the lowlands, east or west, that one may dismiss it from further consideration in talking of the general situation. But these lands are only a small part compared with the millions upon millions of acres that lie beyond the reach of such water.

For the uplands it is especially important to note that there are two distinct supplies of water to be had. One is from what are known as Dakota sandstone deposits, and the other is from what are known as the tertiary deposits. In these two sources of supply the arid lands of the West have unlimited water underlying the entire territory, hundreds and perhaps thousands of feet deep. They are veritable oceans. The trouble is to get the water out. The tertiary supply lies nearest the surface in the uplands. It is to be found at depths of from 50 to 200 feet. The Dakota supply in that region lies as deep as 1000 feet. In the centre of Kansas the Dakota formation rises to the surface, and data regarding its extent have been secured.

The State authorities of Kansas seem to have been the only ones to make a scientific study of the water capabilities of this Dakota sandstone. It lies between two layers, a floor and a roof, of impervious shales. Surface water cannot get into it. It is from 300 to 1000 feet deep. It is filled with water, which is supposed to have run into it 'way back on what is known as the "Hogback" ridge of the Rockies, where the Dakota formation was pushed to the surface and is an outcropping ledge for a vast extent of territory. It is along this ridge that the water is supposed to have run into the ground for "thousands of centuries," and it is there now, simply waiting for man to use it.

This formation is 1500 miles long and 500 miles wide, and man cannot comprehend its possibilities. It is inexhaustible. Many artesian wells have been bored into it where there was a pressure due to certain well-known geologic reasons, but on the whole it lies too far below the surface to be of much use, according to the present methods of raising water from the earth. In those parts of the surface where the formation may be reached easily there is an abundant water-supply from other sources. Nevertheless, this vast deposit lies deep in the earth for future use, and it is directly under that part of the country where the soil is arid, and where the winds—nature's agent to lift the water from the ground—blow steadiest and most freely day after day.

The tertiary supply of water underlying the uplands and all other parts of the great slope east from the Rockies is not so well known as the Dakota supply. Its source and its amount or rate of supply are unknown. It seems to have a steady percolating movement through the sands, and in a thin sheet to extend all over the region from the Rockies to the Missouri River Valley, where it becomes like any other underflow water in humid countries. How fast this sheet water flows and exactly how deep it reaches geology has settled only in a general way. It is known that it lies from 50 to 200 feet below the surface in the upland territory, and that it has an impervious and uneven floor. It has no roof like the Dakota formation, and the moisture from the earth probably feeds the supply.

Some of the authorities assert that this tertiary water-supply, like that of the Dakota, is an accumulation of centuries, and that its extent is unlimited. Others contend that its supply is simply the accumulation of the water that soaks through the ground, and that after the lakes and shallow depths of its water shall have been exhausted only the normal conservation from year to year will be of use for irrigation purposes. Others still contend that the supply is both from the storage of centuries and from the collections year by year; and still others assert that the Dakota and the tertiary formations meet in certain regions underground, and simply exchange supplies with each other when there is a lack on either side. This tertiary supply, it is known, covers two-fifths of the entire State of Kansas, and probably of Nebraska, and is spread comparatively close to the surface in the arid regions. Already more than 2000 wells are drawing water from it. Occasionally the floor of the deposit, which is known to be very uneven, projects itself upward above the level of the water-supply, that is mingled with the sand and gravel. Borings to reach water sometimes strike this raised floor, and as a result no water is reached, while within half a mile it is abundant. These irregularities of the floor, however, are the exception to the general rule that the water is to be found to some extent in all parts of the arid country. To show the amount of supply of this water, the Hon. D. M. Frost, of the Kansas Irrigation Commission, has printed the following:

> The Hutchinson Packing Company is daily pumping 5,000,000 gallons from this so-called underflow reservoir at a depth of not exceeding forty feet, and from beneath a tract of land 150 by 150 feet, with no indication whatsoever of any diminution in the water-supply, which alone would cover 6000 acres of land with water one foot in depth each year—more than enough water to insure a most bountiful crop in that portion of the State where the average rainfall is 26 inches; an ocean of water beneath them, an inexhaustible fountain to draw from.

There have been much talk of storage of rainfall and elaborate calculations as to how many acres the use of such waters would reclaim, but there has been no practical method suggested of catching the water that runs off a farm and preserving it for use when a drought comes. The most practical method is to subsoil the land—that is, to plough to a great depth and allow the flood-waters to run over this land and soak in, the moisture to be retained for a long time, and to be available for plants with long roots.

Science having proclaimed the presence of two great strata of water beneath the arid regions, and experiment in well-digging having proved it, trustworthy data regarding the wind and its power having been secured from one of the best agricultural colleges in the West, the question is how shall man combine these two elements and reclaim the land that now resembles a desert to some extent?

With present implements and tools scientific work along this line is not satisfactory. Professor Hood of the Kansas State Agricultural College says that he is sure an immense future awaits the use of the wind in irrigation. Little study and inventive talent have been applied to this problem as yet. What is needed most is machinery that will vary the lifting power according as the wind is light or strong, and that will not call for a definite load, no matter what the energy. Professor Hood also says such machinery must be nearly automatic, and must run almost without oil, for the simple reason that the average farmer will not climb a ladder to oil the machinery of a windmill. Any one who has seen costly farm machinery standing out-of-doors in all sorts of weather in Kansas will understand why the farmers will not climb ladders to keep windmill machinery in order.

All through the western part of Kansas and Nebraska the visitor will see strange contrivances that the farmers have fixed up, many of them in half violation of well-known laws of physics, to pump up the water for irrigation. Poverty practically drove the farmers to attempt irrigation, and hence the machinery used has been such as poverty-stricken men would devise. Many farmers who were not poor also contrived home-made pumping apparatus, owing to the uncertain condition of irrigation results.

Nebraska apparently has taken the lead in fashioning these affairs, and nothing is commoner than to see what are known as "jumbo" mills and "go-devil" mills pumping water for little patches of irrigated property in that State. Professor E. H. Barbour, of the Nebraska State University, has made a thorough study of these crude windmills and their possibilities, and has published his views extensively in agricultural and other newspapers. He has found that the average cost of these mills that are knocked together on the farm is only about $6. They are made from old broken machinery, and generally face toward the south. A long rectangular box is first constructed, and on the sides rests the axle of the revolving part of the machinery. From four to eight arms project from this axle. The wind catches one of these arms and thrusts it down into the box, where it is cut off from the breeze, and this pushes up another arm, which is caught by the breeze and whirled around down into the hold, and so arm after arm or sail after sail is raised, and the axle turns in the wind, the power being applied to a pump that raises the water from the ground.

One of the most remarkable of these mills is a little "jumbo" in Kearney, Nebraska, that cost only $1 50. It is 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, 9 feet long, and has eight fans. This mill saved a strawberry-patch, a garden, and some small fruit in the worst drought that Nebraska ever experienced. There is another of these mills at Lincoln, Nebraska, which is 9 feet wide, 13 feet high, 13 feet long, and which cost only $8. The box is made of discarded lumber about the place, and the sails are wooden frames on which old coffee-sacks are stretched. This odd contrivance irrigates five acres of garden-land, and supplies a reservoir 150 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. Another peculiar kind of windmill is what is known as a merry-go-round mill. It has sails that spread themselves out full automatically when the wind is at their back, and turn an edge and cut through the wind when it is against them as the affair whirls around. Professor Barbour, in pointing out the crudities of these mills, says: "They all point to a tendency to invent along the line of paramount importance to agriculture. And who dares say that these crude mills may not lead to a solution of the only agricultural problem of the West—that is, methods of supplying sufficient moisture at the critical moment for growing crops?"

In talking of the value of these mills, Professor Barbour tells this story in the *Farm Implement News:*

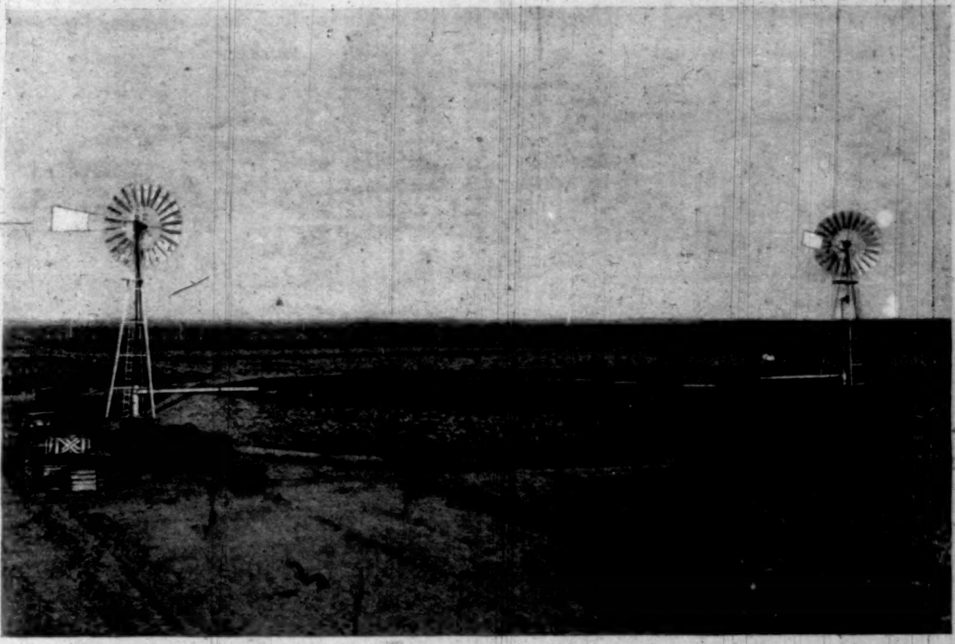
> The largest and best known jumbo mill in the eastern third of the State is probably that of John Tannahill, market-gardener and nursery-man, of Columbus, Platte County, Nebraska. It rises like a great winged spectre above the lake of water which it supplies by its two heavy pumps. This mill irrigates ten acres successfully, and is now so surrounded by a growth of timber that it stands in the midst of a miniature forest which cannot be penetrated by the camera. Photographs taken six to eight years ago show a level prairie diversified chiefly by a huge jumbo and a pond. This sudden transformation can be better understood by the Westerner than by the Easterner. On the treeless prairie the cottonwood and other trees often attain, in eight years, a height of fifty to sixty feet, and a diameter of ten to twelve inches. The writer has seen many a house in eastern Nebraska surrounded by a forest so dense, though not ten years old, as to shut out the camera, or rather shut in all the farm buildings, the irrigating-pond, and the stately windmill and tower, so that photographs, no matter how desirable and instructive, were impossible.

So much for the work of getting the water above-ground in a crude way. The real effective windmill is yet to be invented for tapping the great tertiary under-flow or the deep Dakota waters. At present Nebraska leads in the matter of irrigation by diverting the streams that flow through the State. It has an irrigation law patterned largely after the law of Wyoming, which aims to give the largest use of the public waters to the farmers. The State has a State Board of Irrigation, which grants permits to companies and individuals to use the waters of the rivers. The claims are known popularly as the old and the new claims, deriving that designation from the fact that in 1895 the irrigation law of the State was changed. The new claims have been filed under the revised law. The old applications for water numbered 2200, with a total estimated cost of the ditches amounting to about $2,750,000, covering about 1,061,000 acres of land. The cost averaged about $2 50 an acre, and, according to the figures of the State board in Lincoln, the value of the increase in the land is more than $9,000,000, or about $9 an acre. That shows the desirability of irrigation. The new claims before the board aggregate about 2200 miles, with an estimated cost under the new methods of $6,000,000, and an increased acreage amounting to 2,400,000 acres. The estimated increase in land values is about $19,000,000.

Kansas has no such board, but irrigation from canals into which river water has been led, it is said, amounts to the use of about 1500 miles of ditches of various sizes. In 1895 Kansas appointed a board to examine into the possibilities of irrigation. The appropriation was most meagre for the work assigned to it, and the board could not begin to do all that was required of it. It sunk nearly a score of wells in the upland districts and made an exhaustive study of the geologic conditions, much of which has been summarized in this article. It was a most thorough report of most thorough work. When Governor Leedy sent in his message to the Legislature in January of last year he was not impressed seriously with the prospects of irrigation. He said he had not seen a copy of the commissioners' report, and it was plain that he thought the scheme of irrigation on a large scale chimerical. The report has been made public since then, but it is not known whether the Governor has modified his views.

In Nebraska no such extended study of the geology of the water-supply has been made. Professor Stout of the agricultural department of the Nebraska State University has issued a bulletin on the water-supply of Nebraska, in which he says that the sheet-water supply is difficult to estimate or determine. He says, however, in speaking of irrigating from wells, "It is almost certain that within the next few years nearly every farmer in the western and middle parts of the State, where the conditions are at all favorable, will have from two to fifteen acres under irrigation by this method." This presupposes a wide extent of the sheet water on the uplands of Nebraska, such as is known to exist on the uplands of Kansas. The Dakota water is known to exist to a great depth in Nebraska, as in Kansas and in all that sloping territory that lies east of the Rockies.

Some notable cases of the benefits of irrigation have been published in the *Nebraska Irrigation Annual* for 1897. Instances are given where irrigated corn has yielded 65 bushels to the acre, while adjacent corn, not irrigated, yielded only 30 bushels an acre. H. J. Hendryx, of Platte County, had twenty-five acres of celery under irrigation. The proceeds were $200 an acre, and the profit $125 an acre. A Lodge-Pole Creek farmer raised 1365 bushels of onions on an irrigated acre of ground, the largest onion of the crop weighing 19 ounces, which, the *Annual* declares, made "a fair-sized meal for seven persons"—of course meaning the vegetable part of a meal. Neighbors without irrigation raised only about 100 bushels of onions to the acre. Mr. Sailing of Cozad, Dawson County, irrigated his wheat-field, applying water to it only twice. His wheat averaged 40 bushels to the acre, while adjacent wheat land, not irrigated, only produced from 20 to 23 bushels to the acre.



TYPICAL IRRIGATION PLANT NEAR LARNED, KANSAS—THE RESERVOIR.

These instances are extreme cases, of course, but they show the trend of events in agriculture in the arid and semi-arid regions of the West. A notable incident in this matter of irrigation is the annual fair that is held in Nebraska, where exhibits of produce raised through this method of cultivation are made. These exhibits and the annual meeting in that State of the friends of irrigation are spreading the cause rapidly through the entire arid and semi-arid territory, and bringing about a change in farmers' methods. It is even declared that farmers in the East will learn in time that it will pay for them to have a storage reservoir—they are made easily by scooping out a pond and allowing cattle to trample its bottom solid and hard—as the best way of forestalling a drought. It is also asserted that Eastern farmers, like hundreds of farmers in Kansas and Nebraska, will see the utility of having a pond of water where a fish-supply may be cultivated for household uses, and where in winter ice in large quantities may be gathered.

It is most difficult to forecast the future of the arid lands. It is clear that only the supply of tertiary water may be drawn upon when improved cheap machinery comes. The Dakota supply must be ignored, at its great depth, for a long time. The chief thing in the way of machinery is to secure some kind of a pump, to be run by the winds, that can take advantage of low-velocity breezes, say those that blow at an average of from four to six miles an hour. A desirable thing would be to have a mill operate more than one pump as the force of the wind increases. Owing to the uncertain source of supply of the tertiary water, Professor Haworth has estimated that, using only that part of the water which is supposed to sink through the ground, it is probable that 56 per cent. of Kansas may be irrigated to advantage.

The State Board of Kansas sums up the matter in these words:

> The present chief use of the uplands of the western third of the State is for the growing of stock, and in order that they may be utilized to their fullest extent in this business, it is necessary that families reside there, and that water be pumped from the earth and food grown for man and beast. There is not one domestic animal in the western third of Kansas where, under proper conditions, five might be maintained. Nor will there be until an irrigation plant is the basis of each home.
>
> Our investigations satisfy us that there is available water to irrigate at least 10 per cent. of the upland, which, with a fair market for the product, would make a rich agricultural and stock-growing section, and this proportion of the land will come under intense cultivation as the knowledge of the conditions is brought home to the people.
>
> To realize the change of conditions which may be brought about by the small irrigation plant in connection with stock-growing, let us suppose that 1 per cent. of the land is irrigated. This means 6.4 acres per section, and is easily within the powers of a single windmill. This amount thus cultivated is a sure support for a family of five persons. The remainder of the 640 acres is available for stock and forage crops, and will support thirty head of cattle, the profits of which may be laid aside, together with the proceeds of the poultry. Assuming the counties to average thirty miles square, there would be 900 sections to the county. Five inhabitants to the section means a rural population of 4500. This would be the effect of the irrigation of 1 per cent. of the lands.

It is easy to be seen that a one-per-cent. irrigation would not only bring back those 30,000 persons who have left western Kansas, but would add greatly to the population. There are nearly forty counties in the arid region of the State. A population of 4500 to the county would mean 180,000, or 100,000 more than the population at the height of the boom-times, as set forth in the beginning of this article. It would mean a new kind of farming—the farming of small tracts; the intense farming rather than farming on broad areas. It would probably lead to another change in the character of the live-stock industry, and in time to the abolition of the ranges for developing meat food.

The subject of irrigation's future has been summed up in a picturesque way by Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, whose poetic and practical words in his enthusiasm for his hobby I have used before in these articles. He says, regarding "the demonstrated extensive underground water-supply,"

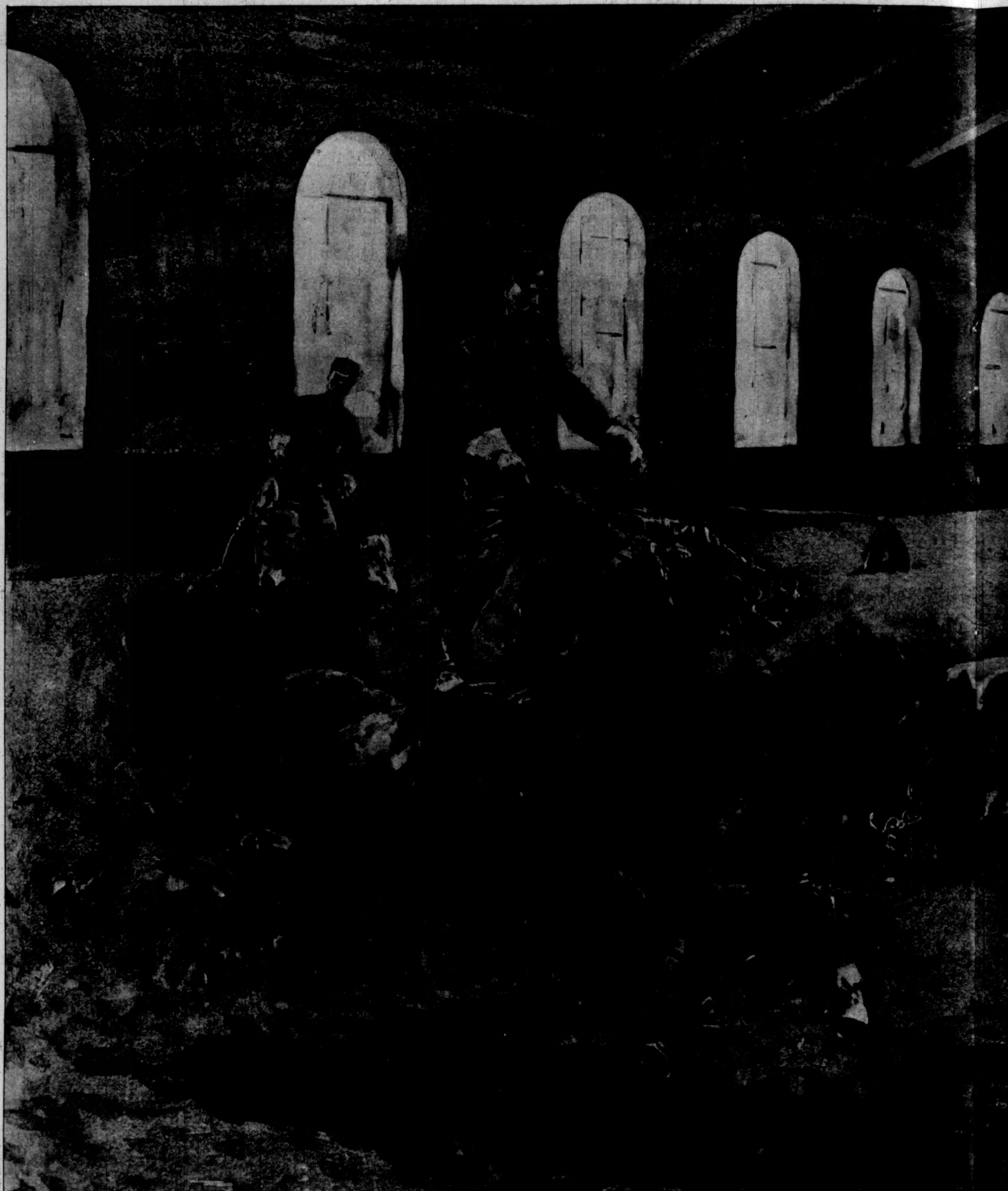
"The pumping of these waters will be inexpensively done by harnessing to the work the ever-present breezes which, shot through and through with sunshine, are wafted across our broad prairies, and give the ideal healthful climate for all breathing things, and for developing the choicest growths of grain, fruit, and flower."

It is safe to say that if such an ideal time does come it will be by a gradual encroachment upon the uplands from the river-fed valleys. The steps will be along the lines of least resistance, and will be slow. Kansas has grown tired of rushing into things without counting the cost. Mr. Ingalls has said that the State "developed at random." One may easily believe that, whether one considers some of the public men, big or little, that it has produced, or whether one considers some of the crops of great and small extent that it has brought forth. That time and condition have passed in the State. With unlimited waters below the fertile ground and unlimited breezes above it, perhaps these two agents may be made to mingle their powers on the surface of the soil, and it may become a garden. But it will require time—a long time.

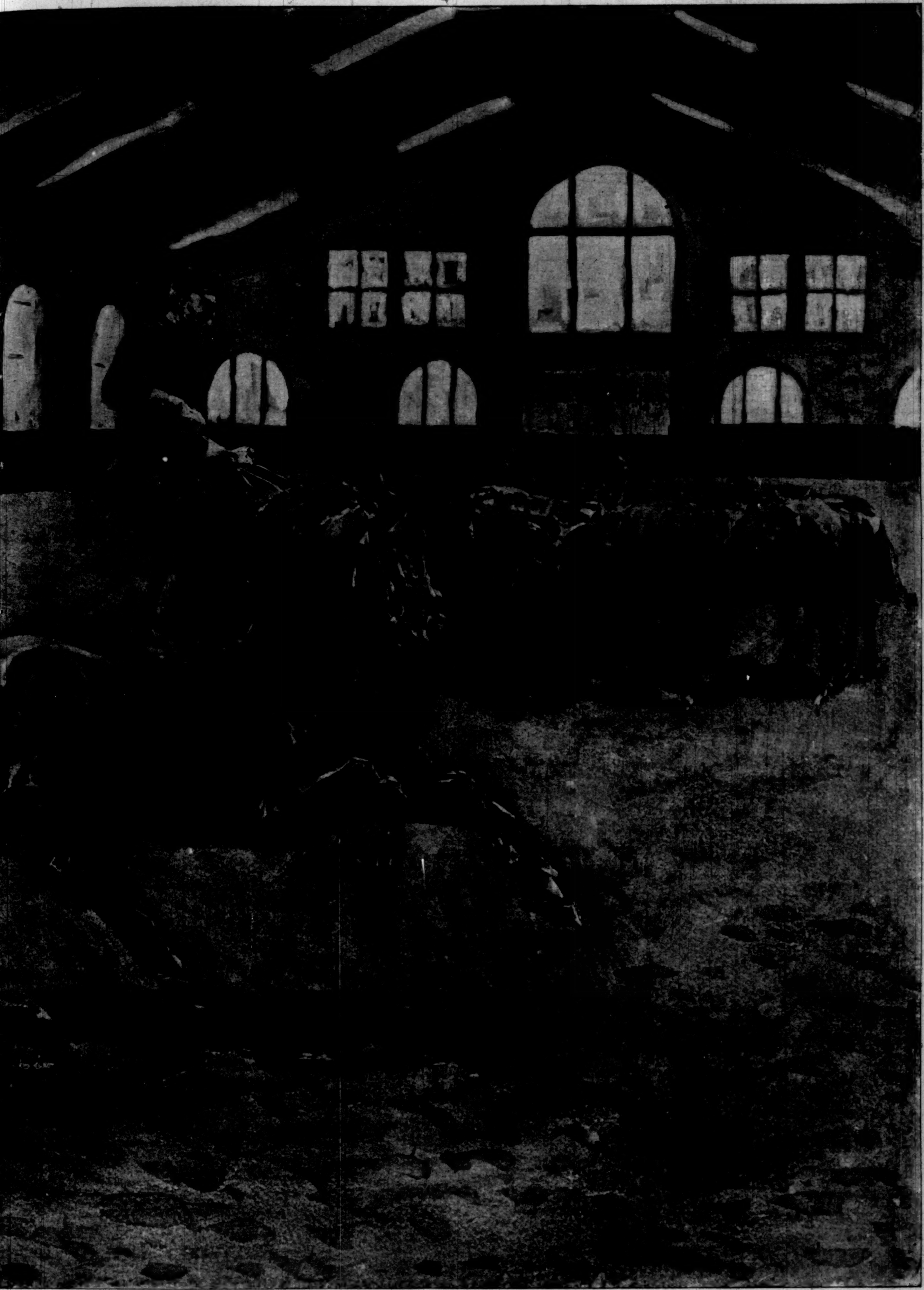
IN AFTER-DAYS.

What you desired was once endeavor's aim,
  But, since you nothing crave, I nothing do;
  Ambition has no purpose but for you,
You caring not, I reck of praise nor blame.
The while I hoped for love I fought for fame,
  I strove for you, and, striving thus, I knew
  How fair it is to win what we pursue—
Now, laurel or no laurel, 'tis the same!
For your sweet sake fate's blows could make me wince,
  For mine I fear no failure I may meet,
    Nor is there any guerdon I could prize;
Alike are honor and dishonor, since
  Win all, I may not lay it at your feet,
    Or, losing, see reproach within your eyes!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



THE TRAINING OF CAVALRY—A ROMAN RACE AT THE RIDING-HALL,



LL, FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 321.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANOTHER MAN'S COAT.

I FOLLOWED the Prince without another word, and when he received the Princess I had the happiness of taking the Little Playmate by the hand and conducting her as gallantly as I could into the palace. And I was glad, for it helped to allay a kind of reproaching feeling in my heart, which would keep tugging and gnawing there whenever I was not thinking of anything else. I feared lest, in the throng and press of new experiences, I might a little have neglected or been in danger of forgetting the love of the many years and all the sweetness of our solitary companionship.

Nevertheless, I knew well that I loved her sweetest eyes more than all the worlds of men and priests.

And even as I helped her to dismount, I went over and told her so.

It was just when I held her in my arms for a moment as she dismounted. She clung to me, and methought I heard a little sob.

"Do not ever be unkind, Hugo," she said. "I am very lonely. I wish I were back again in the old Red Tower."

"Unkind—never, while I live, little one," I whispered in her ear. "Cheer your heart, and to-morrow your sorrows will wear off, and you and I both shall find friendship in the strange land."

"I hate the Princess! And I shall never like her, as long as I live!" she said, with that certain concentrated hate which only good women feel towards those a degree less innocent, specially when the latter are well to look upon.

There was no time to reply immediately, as I conducted her up the steps. For I had to keep my eyes open to observe how the Prince conducted himself, and in the easy ceremonial of Plassenburg it chanced that I did nothing extravagant.

"But, Helene, you said awhile ago that you hated me," I said, after a little pause, smiling down at her.

"Did I?" she answered. "Surely nay."

"Ah, but 'tis true as your eyes," I persisted. "Do you not remember when I had cut the calf's head off with the axe? You did not love the thought of the Red Tower so much then!"

"Oh, *that!*" she said, as if the discrepancy had been fully explained by the inflection of her voice upon the word.

But she pressed my hand, so I cared not a jot for logic.

"You do not love her, you are sure?" she said, looking up at me when we came to the darker turn of the stairs; for the corkscrews were narrower in the ancient castle than in the new palace below.

"Not a bit!" said I, heartily, without any more pretence that I did not understand what she meant.

She pressed my hand again, momentarily slipping her own down off my arm to do it.

"It is not that I love you, Hugo, or that I want you to love me," she said, like one who explains that which is plain already, "except of course as your Little Playmate. But I could not bear that you should care about that—that woman."

It was evident that there were to be stirring times in the Castle of Plassenburg, and that I, Hugo Gottfried, was to have my share of them.

As soon as we had arrived at the banqueting-hall, the Prince beckoned me and presented me formally to the Lady Ysolinde.

"Your Highness, this is Captain Hugo Gottfried, my new officer-in-waiting."

The Princess bowed gravely and held out her hand. Her aquamarine eyes were bent upon me, suffused with a certain quick and evident pleasure which became them well.

"Your Highness has chosen excellently. I can bear witness that the Captain Gottfried is a brave—a very brave man," she said.

And at that moment I was most grateful to her for the testimony. For behind us stood the young von Reuss, pulling at his mustache and looking very superciliously at me.

Then the Lady Ysolinde withdrew to her own apartments, and that day I got no more words with her nor with Helene.

The Prince also went to his room, and I remained where I was, deeming that for the present my duty was done.

The servant of the man whose coat I wore stood with another servitor close at hand—indeed, many of all ranks stood about.

"That is the fellow," I heard one say, tauntingly, "peacocking it there in my master's coat!"

His companion laughed contumeliously, at which the passion within me suddenly stirred. I gave one of them the palm of my hand, and as the other fell hastily back my foot took him.

"What ho, there! No quarrelling among the lackeys!" cried von Reuss, insolently, from the other side of the room.

"Were you, by any chance, speaking to me?" said I, politely, looking over at him.

"Why, yes, fellow!" he said. "If you squabble with the waiting-men concerning cast-off clothes, you had better do it in the stables, where, as you say, your own wardrobe is kept."

"Sir," said I, "the coat I wear, I wear by the command of your Prince. It shall be immediately returned to you when the Prince permits me to go off duty. In the mean time pray take notice that I am Captain Hugo Gottfried, officer-in-waiting to the Prince Karl of Plassenburg, and that my sword is wholly at your service."

"You are," retorted von Reuss, "the son of my uncle Casimir's Hereditary Executioner, and one day you may be mine. Let that be sufficient honor for you."

"That I may be yours is the only part of my father's hereditary office I covet!" said I, pointedly.

And certainly I had him there, for immediately he turned on his heel and would have walked away.

But this I could not permit. So I strode sharply after him, and seizing him by his embroidered shoulder-strap, I wheeled him about.

"But, sir," said I, "you have insulted an officer of the Prince. Will you answer for that with your sword, or must I strike you on the face each time I meet you to quicken your sense of honor?"

Before he had time to answer, the Prince came in.

"What! quarrelling already, young Spitfire?" he cried. "I made you my orderly—not my disorderly!"

Von Reuss and I stood blankly enough, looking away from one another.

"What was the quarrel?" asked the Prince, when he had seated himself at table.

I looked to von Reuss to explain. For indeed I was somewhat awed to think that thus early in my new career I had embroiled myself with the nephew of Duke Casimir, even though he was, like myself, in exile and dependent upon the liberality of Prince Karl.

But since he did not speak, I made bold to say: "Sire, the Count von Reuss taunted me with wearing a borrowed coat, and called me a servitor because by birth I am the son of the Hereditary Executioner of the Wolfmark So I told him I was an officer of your household, and that my sword was much at his service."

"So you are," cried the Prince, "so you are—a servitor! So is he—young fools both! And as for being son of the Hereditary Executioner, it is throughout all our German land an honorable office. Once I was assistant executioner myself, and wished with all my heart that I had been principal, and so pocketed the gilders. No more of this folly, von Reuss. I am ashamed of you, and to a new-comer. Hear ye, sir, I will not have it! I will e'en resume my old trade and do a little justicing on my own account. Shake hands this instant, you young bantams!"

And the Prince sat back and looked grimly at us. I went a step forward. But von Reuss held back.

"Provost Marshal!" cried the Prince, in a voice which made every one in the room jump and all the glasses ring on the table—"bring a guard!"

The Provost Marshal advanced, bowed, and was departing, when von Reuss came forward and held his hand out, at first sulkily, but afterwards readily enough.

Then we shook hands solemnly and stiffly, loving one another not one whit better.

"Ah," said the Prince, "I thought you would. For if you had not, your uncle, Duke Casimir, would have been a Duke without either an heir to his Dukedom or a successor to his Hereditary Justicer!

"Now sit down, lads; sit down and agree!" he said, after a pause. "The ladies come not to table. So now begin and tell me all the affair of the Earth-houses. I must ride and see the place. I grow rotten and thewless in this dull Plassenburg, where they dare not stick so much as a knife in one another, all for fear of Karl Miller's-Son! Since I cannot adventure on my own account, I am become a man that wearies for news. Tell me every part of the affair, concealing nothing. But if you can, relate even your own share in it as faithfully as becomes a modest youth."

So I told him at length all that hath already been told, giving, as far as I could, the credit to Jorian and Boris, as indeed was their desert.

Whereupon, the tale being finished, the Prince said, "Have the two archers up!"

And while the pursuivant had gone for them, the old Councillor leaned across the table and whispered, "Enter Field-Marshal Jorian and General Boris!"

But when the archers came in and stood like a pair of kitchen pokers, the Prince ordered them to tell the story.

Jorian turned his head to Boris, and Boris turned his head to Jorian. They both made a little impatient gesture, which said, "Tell it you!"

But neither appeared to be able to speak first.

"Wind them up with a cup of wine apiece!" cried the hearty Prince; "surely that will set one of them off."

Two great flagons of wine were handed to Jorian and Boris, and they drank as if one machine had been propelling their internal workings, throwing off the liquor with beautiful unanimity, and then bringing their cups to the position of salute, as if they had been musketoons at the new French drill. After which each, having finished, gave the little cough of content and appreciation which among the archers means manners.

But the Prince's information with regard to the affair of Erdberg was not increased.

"Go on!" he cried, impatiently, looking at Jorian and Boris sternly.

They were still silent.

"This officer, Captain Hugo Gottfried," said the Prince, looking at me, "tells me that the credit of the preservation of the Princess among the cave folk is due to you two brave men."

"He lies!" said Wendish Jorian, with a face like a blank wall.

"Good!" muttered Boris, approvingly.

"He did it himself," said Boris, adding, after a pause, "with an axe."

"Good!" quoth Jorian.

"He cut a calf's head off," said Jorian, as a complete explanation of how the preserving of the Princess was effected.

Whereat all laughed, and the Prince more than any. For ever since he drank his first draught of wine he had begun to mellow.

"Well, hearty fellows, what reward would you have for your great bravery?"

They turned their heads simultaneously inwards, without moving any other part of their bodies. They nodded to one another.

"Well," cried the Prince, "what reward would you desire?"

"Now for the Field-Marshal's wand," said the Councillor near to me, under his breath.

"Twelve dozen Rhenish," said Jorian.

The Prince looked at Boris.

"And you?" he said.

"Twelve dozen Rhenish," said Boris, without moving a muscle.

"God Bacchus!" cried the Prince—"you will empty my cellars between you, and I shall not have a sober archer for a month. But you shall have it. Go!"

Jorian and Boris saluted, with a wink to each other as they wheeled, which said, as plain as monk's script, or plainer, "Good!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRINCE'S COMPACT.

IN spite of all drawbacks and difficulties (and I had my share of them) I loved Plassenburg. And especially I loved the Prince. The son, so they said, of a miller in the valley of the Almer, he had entered the guard of the last Prince of Plassenburg much as I had now entered his own service. Prince Dietrich had taken a fancy to him, and advanced him so rapidly that after the disastrous war with Duke Casimir of the Mark and the death of the last legitimate Prince, Karl the miller's son, having set himself to reorganize the army, succeeded so well that it was not long before he found himself the source of all authority in Plassenburg.

Thereafter he gave to the decimated and heartless land adequate defences and complete safety against foreign foes, together with security for life and property under equal laws within its own borders. So in time, no man saying him nay, Karl Miller's-Son became the Prince of Plassenburg, and his seat was more secure upon his throne than that of any legitimate prince for a thousand miles.

After the quarrel with von Reuss, the Prince, for reasons of his own, favored me with a great deal of his society. He was often graciously pleased to talk concerning his early difficulties.

"When I was an understrapper," he was wont to say, "the land was overswarmed and overeaten by officialdom. I could not see the good meat wasted upon crawlers. 'Get to work,' said I, 'or ye shall neither eat nor crawl!'

"'We will eat—to beg we are not ashamed; to steal is the right of our noble Ritterdom,' the crawlers replied.

"'So,' said I, '*bitte*—as to that we shall see.'

"Then I made me a fine gallows, builded like that outside Paris, which I had seen once when on an embassy for Prince Dietrich. It was like a castle, with walls twelve feet thick, and on the beams of it room for a hundred or more to swing, each with his six feet of clearance, all comfortable, and no complaints.

"Then came the crawlers and asked me what this fine thing was for.

"'For the sacred Ritterdom of Plassenburg,' answered I, 'if it will not cease to burn houses, and to ravish and carry off honest men's wives and daughters.'

"'But you must catch us,' said they. 'Walls fourteen feet thick,' said they.

"'Content,' cried I; 'there is more fun in catching you. Only the end is the same—that is to say, my new well-ventilated castle out there on the heath, girdles and neck-pieces and anklets of iron, and six feet of clearance for each of you to swing in.'"

"So they went back to their castles, and robbed and ravished and rieved even as did their fathers for a thousand years. But I took my soldiers, whom in seven years' service I had taught to obey orders—two foot of clearance did well enough for the disobedient among them, being neither ritters nor men of mark. And I, Karl the Miller's brat, as at that time they called me in contempt, borrowed cannon—great lumbering things—from my friend the Margrav George, down there to the south. A great work we had dragging them up by rope and chain and laboring plough-oxen. We shot them off before the fourteen-feet walls. Then arose various clouds of dust, shriekings, surrenderings, crying of 'Forgive us, great Prince; we never meant to do it'—followed, as I had said, by the six-feet clearances. But these in time I had to reduce to four—so great became the competition for places in my new Schloss Müllerssohn.

"But 'Once done, well done—done forever,' is my motto. So since that time the winds have mostly blown through the Schloss untainted, and the sons of Ritterdom, magnanimous captains and honest bailies of quiet bailiwicks, are my very good friends and faithful officers."

Prince Karl the Miller's son was silent a moment.

"But I am still looking out for another man with a head-piece to come after me. I have no son; and if I had, the chances are ten to one that he would be either a milksop or a flittermouse painted blue. Milksops I hate and send to the monkeries. I can endure flittermice painted blue, but they must wear petticoats—and pretty petticoats, too. Have you observed those of the Princess?" said he, abruptly changing the subject.

"The Princess's flittermice?" I faltered, not well knowing what I said, for he had turned roughly and suddenly upon me.

"Aye, marry, you may say it! But I meant the Princess's wilicoats!"

"No," said I, as curtly as I could, for the subject had its obvious limitations.

"Ah, they are pretty ones," said Karl, "I assure you. She has at least an undeniable taste in lace and cambric. They say in other lands—not in this—though I would not hinder them if they did—that she wears the under-garments of men and rules the state. But I think not so. The Princess is a better Queen than wife, a better woman than either."

On this subject also I had nothing to say which I dared venture to the husband of the Lady Ysolinde.

"She read my horoscope," said I, weakly, searching for something to change the subject in the corners of my brain.

"How so?" said the Prince, quickly.

"First in a crystal and then in a pool of ink," I replied.

"It was a good horoscope and of a fortunate ending?"

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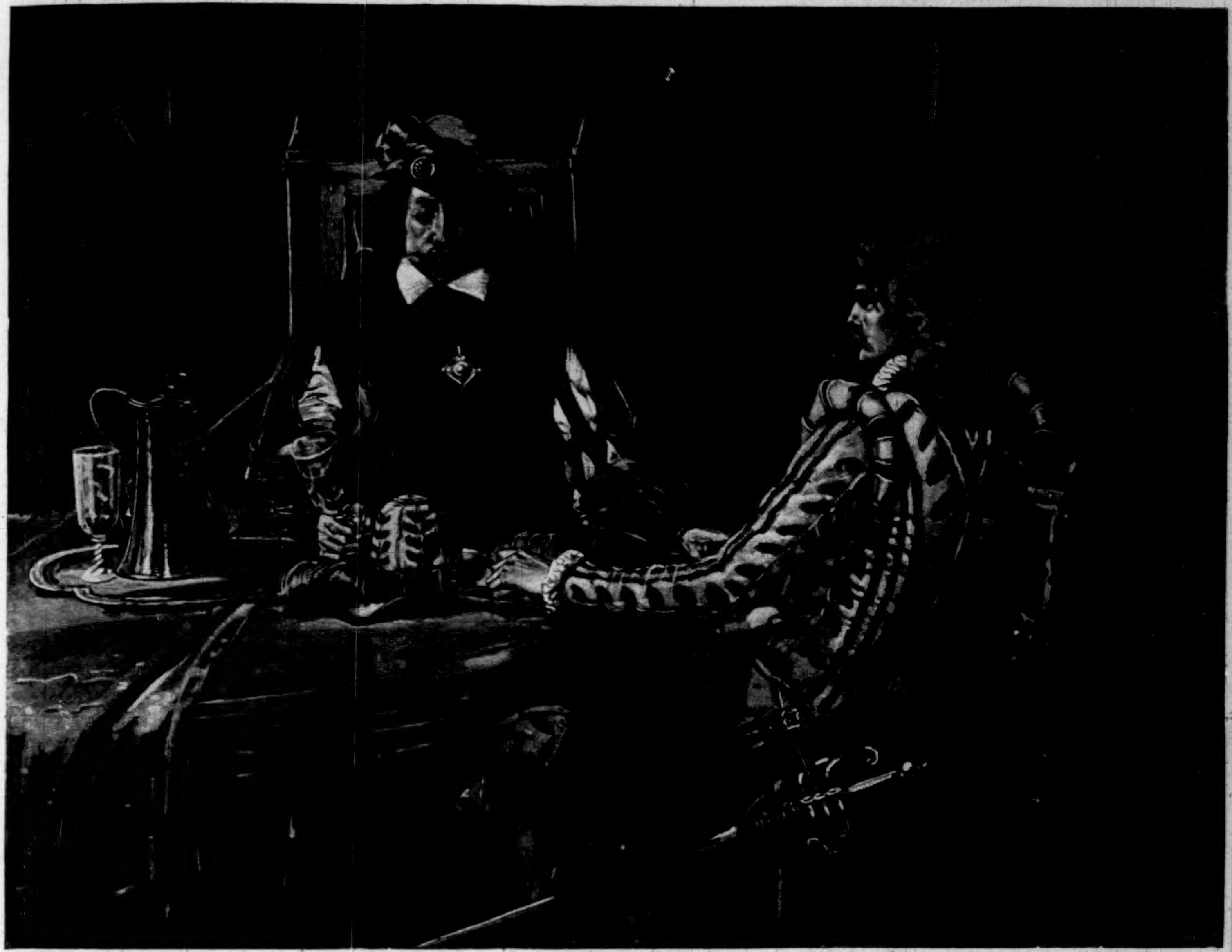
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.



“‘THE PRINCESS LOVES YOU,’ HE SAID AT LAST, LOOKING SHREWDLY.”

“On the whole—yes,” said I, “though there was much in it that I could not understand.”

“Like enow!” laughed the Prince. “I warrant she could not understand it herself! It is ever the way of the ink-pool folk.”

Then ensued a silence between us.

Prince Karl remained long with his head resting on his hand. He looked critically at the twisted stem of his wineglass, twirling it between his thick fingers.

“The Princess loves you,” he said at last, looking shrewdly at me from beneath his gray brows.

It was spoken half as a question and half as information.

“Loves me!” stammered I, the blood sucking back to my heart and leaving my head light and tingling.

The Prince nodded calmly.

“So they say,” said he.

“My Lord, it is a thing impossible!” cried I. “I am but a poor lad—and she has been kind to me. But of love no word has been spoken. Besides—”

And I stopped.

“Out with it, man!” said the Prince, more like, as it seemed to me, a comrade inviting a confidence than a great Prince speaking to a newly made officer.

“Well, I—I love the Little Playmate.”

It came out with a rush at last.

“Oh!” said he; “that is bad. I hope that is not a matter arranged, a thing serious. For if the Princess knows as much, the young woman will not have her troubles to seek in the Palace of Plassenburg.”

I hung my head and said naught, save that Helene declared she loved me not, but that I thought she was mistaken.

“Ah, then,” cried the Prince, like one exceedingly relieved, “it is some boy and girl affair. That is better. She may change her mind, as you will certainly change yours—and that several times, among the ladies of the court. I was in hopes—”

And the Prince stopped in his turn, not from bashfulness, but neither like a man who desires more carefully to choose his words.

“I was in hopes,” he went on, speaking slowly, “that if the Princess loved your boy's face and liked my conversation (which I may say without pride that I think she does) you and I together might have kept her at home. So overmuch wandering is not good for the state. Also, it gets her a name beyond all manner of ill within-doors.”

Once more I knew not well what to answer to this speech of the Prince's, so I remained discreetly silent.

“I have seen the flittermice about her before, often enough (I thank thee for the word, Sir Captain), but this is the first time she has performed the ink-pool and crystal foolery with a man. There is no great harm in the Princess. In the things of love she is as inflammable as the ink, and as soft as the crystal. Fear not, Joseph, Potiphera may be depended upon not to proceed to extremities. But I was in some hopes that you and I could have arranged matters between us—being both men, and honorable men.”

I saw that Karl Miller's-Son looked sad and troubled.

“Prince, you love the Princess!” said I, thrusting out my hand to him before I thought. He did not take it, but instead he thrust a flagon of wine into it, as if I had asked for that—yet it was not done as a rebuff. I saw that plainly.

“Pshaw! What does a grizzle-pate with love?” said he, gruffly. “Nevertheless, I was in hopes.”

“Prince Karl,” said I, “I give you word of honor 'tis not as you say or they say. The Princess has indeed done me the honor to be friendly—”

“To hold your hand!” he murmured, softly, like a chorus.

“Well, to be friendly, and—”

“To caress your cheek?” put in the Prince, gently as before.

“Done me the honor to be friendly—”

“To play with your curls, lad?”

“The Princess—” I began, all in a tremor. For anything more awkward than this conversation I had never experienced. It bathed me in a drip of sweat.

“To kiss you, perhaps, at the way-going?” he insinuated.

“No!” thundered I, at last. “Prince, you do your Princess great wrong.”

He lifted his hand in a gentle deprecating way, most unlike the rider who had ridden so fast and so well that night of our coming.

“You mistake me, sir,” he said. “On the contrary, I have the greatest respect for the Princess Ysolinde. I would not wrong her for the world. But I know her track of old. You are a brave lad, and, after all, I fear there is something in that calf-love of yours—devil take it!”

I thought I could now dimly discern whither the Prince's plans were tending.

“Your Highness,” said I, “I am a young man, and of little experience. I cannot tell why you have chosen to speak so freely to me. But I am your servant, and in all that hurts not the essence and matter of my love for the Little Playmate, I will do even as you say.”

Prince Karl grasped my hand.

“Ah, well said!” he cried. “You are running your head into a peck of troubles, though. And you are likely to have some experience of womenkind shortly—a thing which does no brisk young fellow any harm, unless he lets them come between him and his career. Women are harmless enough, so that you keep them well to leeward. I am Baltic-bred, and have ever held to this—that you may sail unscathed through fleets of farthingales, so being that you keep the wind on your quarter and see the fairway clear before you.”

I did not at the time understand half he said, but I knew we had made some sort of a bargain. And I thought, with an aching, unsatisfied heart, that though it might be well enough for an iron-gray and cynical old Prince, the thing would hardly commend itself to Helene, my Little Playmate, to whom I had so recently spoken loving words, sweeter than ever before.

“Devil take all Princes and Princesses!” I said, as I thought, to myself. But I must have spoken aloud, for the Prince laughed.

“Do not waste good prayers needlessly,” he said; “he will.”

And so, with a careless and humorsome wave of his hand to one side, he went down the staircase, and so out into the quadrangle of the palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

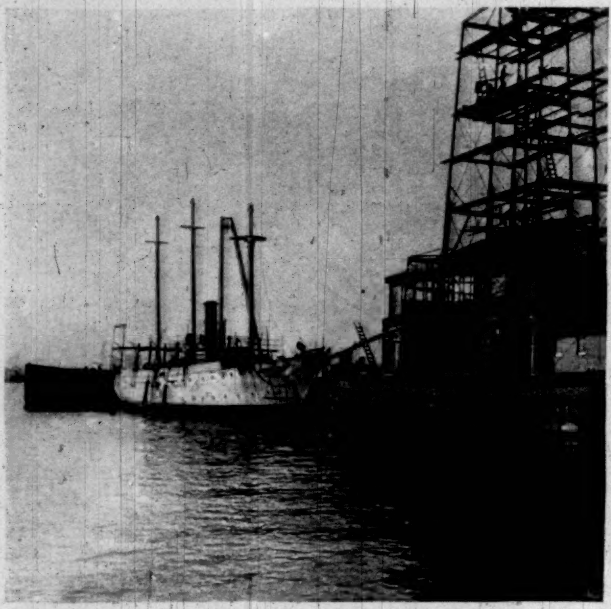
A WAR-CLOUD.

Gods, so long thought dead,
Flap their wings overhead,
    Hover—a war-cloud!
Moloch and Astaroth, Loki and Siva,
Eblis, Asmodeus; famine and fever—
    Grendel, the low-browed!
Singhalese demons, Hebrew and Arabic,
  Ogre and goblin and vampyre and ghoul,
  From forest and mountain and graveyard and pool,
Greedy or plethoric!

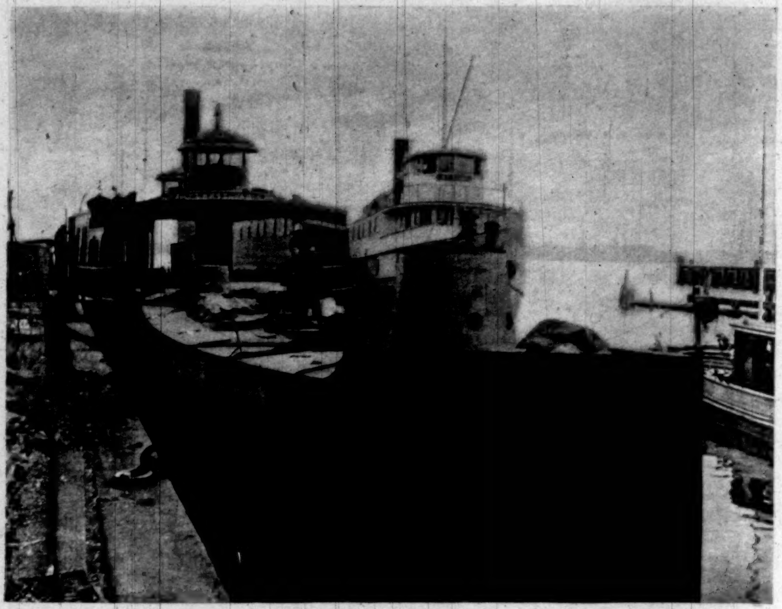
Swooping and darting,
Thronging or parting,
    These make the war-cloud:
Diti and Belial, Nyang and Miru,
African devils, South-Sea, and Hindu.
    These bring the war-shroud:
Persian and Saxon fiends, Norse, Madagascan,
  Reeri from Ceylon, Typhaon, Azazel,
  Beelzebub, Biam, (devils from every hell)—
The fire-fiend Ahriman!

Quicken once more, when we
Lapse into savagery,
Hunger-demons and spirits of darkness, demons of
    flame and of flood,
Storm-gods, demons of plague and of madness,
    barrenness, and blood;
Demons that devour men's food, with those that
    steal men's breath,
Bahman, Abaddon, Samaël, with Kali, goddess of
    death.

Marrion Wilcox.



GUNBOAT "PRINCETON," APPROACHING COMPLETION AT DIALOGUES' SHIP-YARD, CAMDEN.



DECK VIEW OF THE FAST TORPEDO-BOAT "MACKENZIE," APPROACHING COMPLETION AT HILLMAN'S SHIP-YARD.

WAR-SHIPS BUILDING ON THE DELAWARE.

Philadelphians are apt to say with pride that the Delaware River is the Clyde of America, and there seems to be some justification for the boast.

To most persons outside of Philadelphia, and, indeed, to many within, ship-building on the Delaware means "the Cramps'," as the great yard of William H. Cramp & Sons is casually referred to. As a matter of fact, the Delaware in the vicinity of Philadelphia is lined with ship-building yards, and while beside Cramps' only a few of them—perhaps one—can undertake the construction of a battle-ship or a transatlantic liner, for anything smaller, which does not necessarily mean a small boat, they are well equipped.

The stir growing out of the complications with Spain has much significance to these ship-building firms, and to the thousands who earn their living in these yards—many of whom, in Richmond and Kensington, as ship-builders have followed in the footsteps of their fathers and grandfathers.

At several of the Delaware yards are ships building or being finished for the government, and in these there is an increase in the hammering and delving, which to the ordinary person seems confusion worse confounded.

Of course interest centres in the work at Cramps', where, amidst the din occasioned by the rush orders in every department of this immense yard, mostly for ships to be used for ordinary commerce, there is to be heard a note particularly loud, struck by the hundreds who swarm like flies or ants over the two war-ships being rushed to completion with all possible speed. One of these is the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*, recently launched.

As many men as can work on her at one time are at work, yet two months or more will be required to finish her. She is built on beautiful lines, and the Japanese naval officers under whose inspection she is being finished are very proud of her.

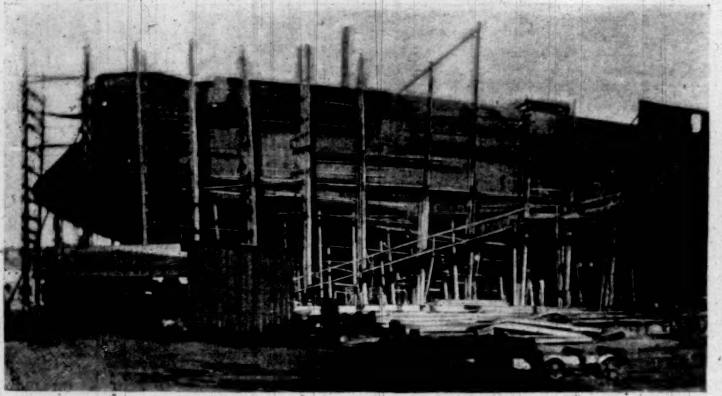
Close by, a veritable mammoth of iron and steel, in an almost impenetrable forest of timber, is the battle-ship *Alabama*, which will be the largest battle-ship on the ocean.

From the decks of the *Kasagi* a good view of her stern is to be had, and the holes for the shafts that will turn her three screws are conspicuous. An army of men are at work on her, but on the sides and in the depths of her immense hull they are lost, and only the great noise of hammering and drilling tells of the work that is going on. No need to tell one who sees her immense proportions that the *Alabama* will be a leviathan among war-ships.

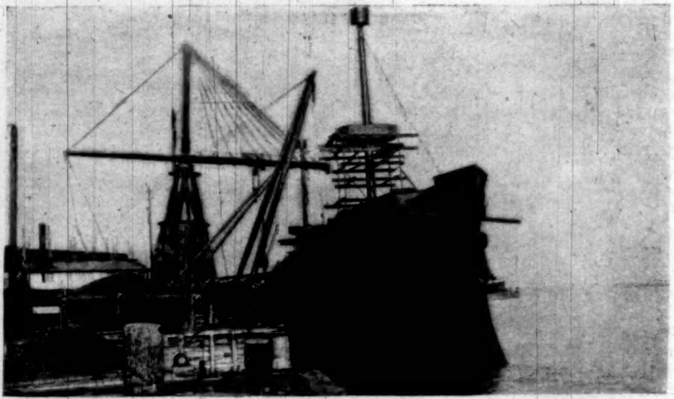
Below Cramps' yard there are several others, including Hillman's and Neafic & Levy's. The latter could turn out a liner if it had the order, but it has no government work on hand. At Hillman's, however, there is a scurry over the torpedo-boat *Mackenzie*, which looks more like a toy than anything else. She is 101½ feet long, 12 feet 9 inches beam, and 7 feet 9 inches deep. With her engines of 850 horse-power she is expected to make twenty-eight knots an hour or better. She has one torpedo-tube forward and one aft, and beside this will carry only one rapid-fire 1-pounder. About two months' more work will complete her.

The yard of John H. Dialogue & Son is at Kaighn's Point, Camden, opposite the lower part of Philadelphia. There they are bending every energy to finish the gunboat *Princeton*, a trim, smart-looking craft, that would be of great service if a war should tax our resources. She can be ready to go into commission in about six weeks.

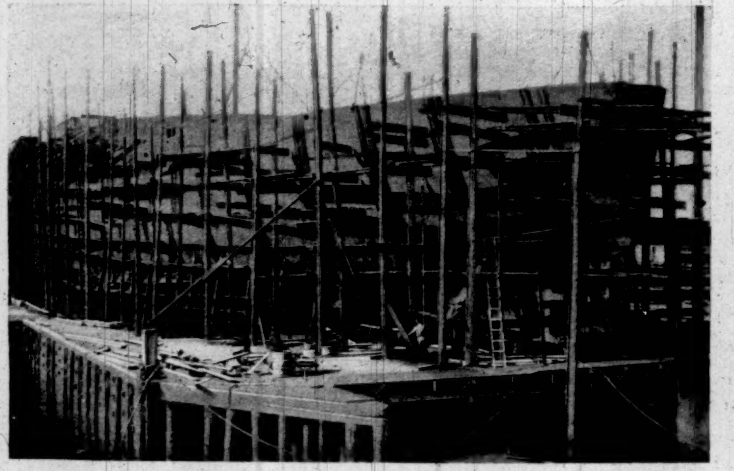
Henry Starr Richardson.



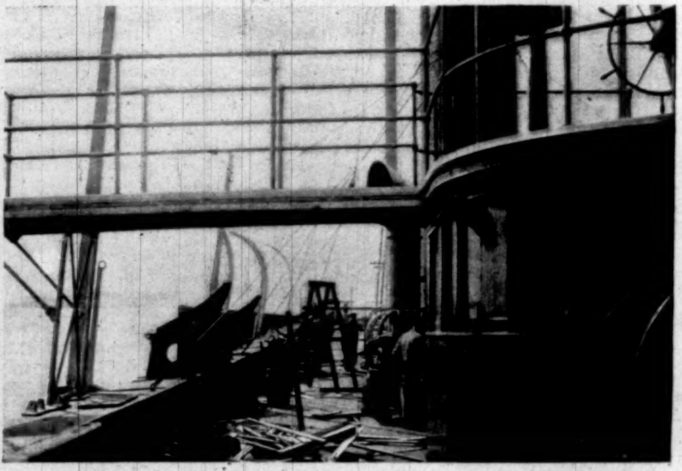
FROM THE BOW TO AMIDSHIPS OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," NOW ON THE STOCKS AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD.



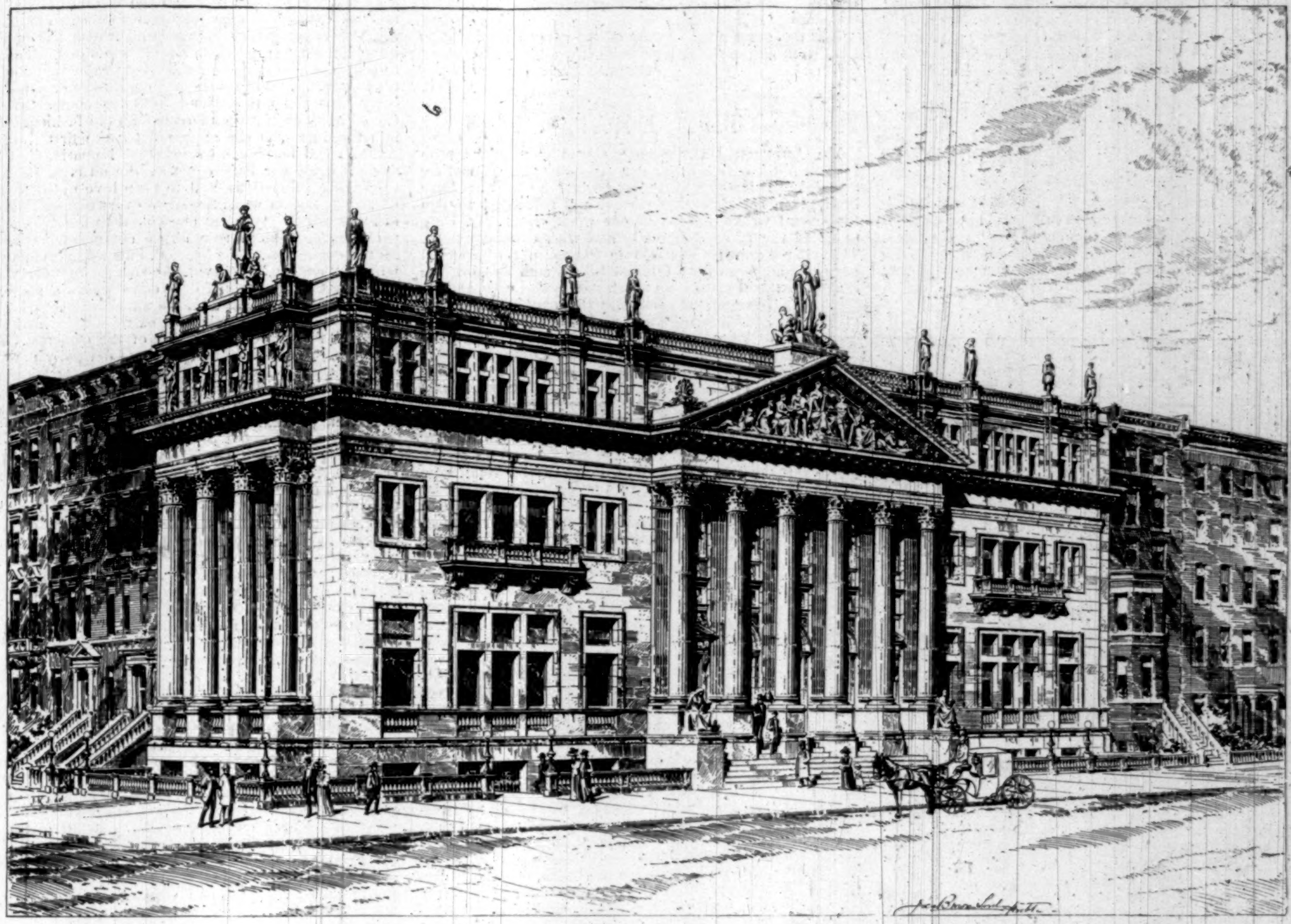
CRUISER "KASAGI," BEING RUSHED TO COMPLETION AT CRAMPS' SHIP-YARD FOR THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.



STERN OF THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," ON THE STOCKS AT CRAMPS'.



LOOKING AFT FROM FORWARD OF THE BRIDGE ON THE "PRINCETON."



THE NEW HOME OF THE APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, MADISON SQUARE.—JAMES BROWN LORD, ARCHITECT.

ART.

THE APPELLATE-COURT BUILDING.

THE site of this new building is on the east side of Madison Square, at the north corner of Twenty-fifth Street, its long side and main entrance fronting upon the street, and its west end facing the square. It is thus in close contact with buildings of a domestic style of architecture—a point which has evidently been well considered by Mr. James Brown Lord, the architect. He has prepared a design which is characterized in its main mass by unostentatious dignity, and at the same time, by adding a classic portico with pediment above, and by placing on the short side an order of columns supporting the projecting cornice, he has given the building an impressiveness which befits its purpose. The material is to be white marble.

A very notable feature of the design is the provision which has been made for sculpture, treated not as a mere embellishment, but as an integral part of the architectural scheme—the only correct method of using sculpture upon a building. For example, increased dignity will be given to the entrance by filling the tympanum, or triangular space enclosed within the pediment, by a sculptural composition representing the triumph of law, and this enrichment will be echoed and resolved into a conclusion by the triangular group upon the balustrade above. The monotony of the latter will be relieved at intervals by figures, treated with severe simplicity, which will show against the sky-line not so much as independent pieces of sculpture, but as members of the whole mass, balancing the horizontal tendency. Again at the short end of the building figures are introduced; yet not merely ranged in a row like statuettes on a mantel-piece, but performing, as *caryatides*, an actual function in the general plan.

To that portion of the public, every day increasing in number, who are eagerly interested in the progress of national art, and who know from the universal testimony of past times that the greatest results will grow from the collaboration of architects, sculptors, and painters, this intelligent use of sculpture will be especially gratifying. And, as will be shown later on, Mr. Lord has re-enforced the interior by availing himself of the co-operation of the painters. The general arrangement of the interior may be briefly described. The main entrance opens into a hall, from which rise staircases and elevators. To the left are rooms for the clerks; above are private rooms, each with its anteroom, for the use of the judges, and on the third floor of this part of the building are the dining-room and kitchen. On the right-hand side of the hall is the lawyers' room, and, adjoining it, the court-room—the latter rectangular in shape, with windows at each end, and a circular domed skylight in the centre of the ceiling. To secure light for this a circular shaft of steel and glass will run through the two stories above, and terminate in a skylight on the roof. The second floor of this portion of the building will be devoted to the library, above which will be the janitor's quarters and store-rooms.

It is apparent, therefore, that the opportunity for dignified treatment occurs in the hall and court-room, and it is at these points that the work of the mural painters has been massed. Both will be panelled with marble—probably Sienna—up to within four feet three inches of the cornice. In the hall the painting of the frieze, which runs round three sides, has been assigned to Messrs. H. Siddons Mowbray, Robert Reid, and W. L. Metcalf. In the court-room the judges' desk will occupy the centre of one of the long sides, with a circular enclosure under the dome for the bar. On the opposite wall will be three panels, about ten feet square, to be executed respectively by Messrs. Edwin H. Blashfield, Edward Simmons, and H. O. Walker. On each side of these will run a frieze, which has been intrusted to Mr. Alfred I. Collins, while Mr. Kenyon Cox is responsible for the frieze upon the opposite wall. At the short ends of the room the spaces between the windows will be filled by Mr. Joseph Lauber. There are thus engaged upon this important building no less than nine painters and as many sculptors, whose co-operation has been included in the scheme from its commencement.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE NATIONAL ART CLUB.

THE club of lovers of the fine arts and of artists which a number of gentlemen are about to found is sure to be a success if care is taken to make it in fact what it proposes to be in name—a national art club. That its headquarters are to be in New York is the natural result of geographical conditions. Toward New York tend the great railway systems; through New York pass those who voyage to and from Europe; to New York come every now and then most men of other cities who would be likely to support an organization of the kind. Its membership outside of the metropolis would be of more importance to its permanent usefulness than its membership in New York.

The restricted social clubs in the city which pay more or less attention to the fine arts, and the special organizations of the artists which touch one another through the Fine Arts Federation, seem to cover all the local wants of artists. And for art-lovers in special lines New York has special clubs, like the Grolier and the Numismatic. But there is no society general in its scope that reaches beyond the metropolis and extends a hand of greeting to the art clubs and amateurs of the country at large. Why is this? For the reason that heretofore the fine arts have not taken so strong a hold on the people as they do at the present moment, and the need of some bond of this sort did not force itself on amateurs and artists.

The World's Fair lies only five years back; we can now realize what an awakening that was in the matter of the arts. Since then a hundred clubs of artists or of laymen who wish to further art have sprung into being. There are cities in the Union which do more for the fine arts in proportion to their population than New York does with all her art societies and private clubs. These clubs and their members will have something to say in the future regarding the thousand and one problems of municipal and industrial advance into which the fine arts enter.

The field which a national art club has to plough is virgin soil and of vast extent. Unless the gentlemen interested in the scheme have very narrow horizons—and the names connected with it prove just the contrary—they will not fail to perceive that a national art club, properly officered, and having the confidence of distinguished men in all parts of the country, may do incalculable good in the way of counsel, explanation, suggestion. It might save cities untold millions that otherwise might be wasted in parks, public buildings, monuments, and paintings, which, ordered and begun without due counsel and deliberation, without full knowledge of the experience of some other city, would soon become intolerable to citizens with taste. It might add vastly to the wealth of the Union by pointing out ways to give artistic brilliancy and financial value to manufactures and industrial art works. It might lend that spirit of organization to the fine arts which would make our expositions the most beautiful the world has known, and point the way for painters, sculptors, architects, and artist-artisans to obtain commissions wherever the work of each particular artist would best apply.

All these and many other good deeds may some day stand to the credit of the national art club if the founding of it be approached in a spirit of liberality and large wisdom that has not always characterized foundations in the city of New York. Too often there has been a tendency here to look to Europe rather than the Union for approval. Too often there has been evidence of a silly forth-putting on the part of Gothamites, which the citizens of other cities very rightly resent. Nonsense of this kind is likely to have grown with the abnormal increase of population due to the inclusion of neighbor cities and towns in the name New York, although the evils and uncertainties of the change may have exerted for the nonce a chastening effect upon civic exuberance. There is no reason why a meeting-ground for those interested in industrial and municipal art, for collectors of art objects, and for artists, in every State of the Union, should not be provided on Manhattan Island. Certainly there would be advantages accruing to the metropolis, but no less to the country at large.

There are thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—who do not know what is meant when they see people excited about matters of the fine arts. They can understand a deep interest in religion, and perhaps share enthusiasm for music; but the fine arts swim somewhere just beyond their ken. Those who can appreciate works of the fine arts know well enough what relief they give to minds under tension through business or politics, through family discord, or feelings wounded for one reason or another. The collector appreciates well enough what solace his hobby gives him. A national art club appeals to the thousands who experience such relief from the sordid cares of the work-a-day world. It forms an entrance to a pleasure-ground where the bother of business and politics is forgot. Art exerts on those who enjoy it simply and frankly a soothing, health-giving influence which is scarcely inferior to that of religion. In its essence, indeed, it is by no means unlike religion, since it takes us up into another world of intellectual vibration and of beauty.

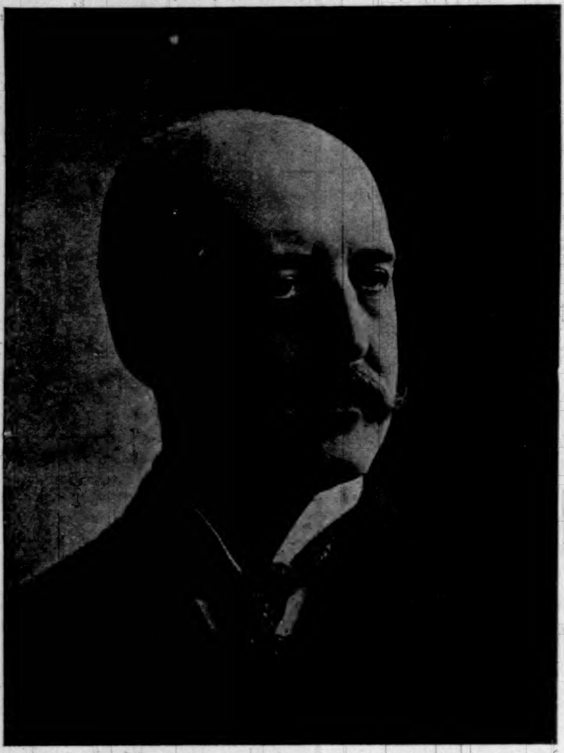
Certainly the National Art Club starts with excellent prospects. Among those consulted are President Gilman of Johns Hopkins and President Marquand of the Metropolitan, Director Ives of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts and Commissioner La Farge of New York, Professors Allan Marquand of Princeton and Laird of Philadelphia; art collectors, like Messrs. James W. Ellsworth and Hall McCormick of Chicago, Messrs. Charles Henry Hart and C. H. Hutchinson of Philadelphia, Messrs. Perry Belmont, William T. Evans, George A. Hearn, and John De Witt Warner, of New York; architects, such as Messrs. George

B. Post, Bruce Price, Stanford White, James Brown Lord, and Walter Cook; sculptors, such as Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, French, Adams, Bitter, Ruckstuhl; painters, like Messrs. Tiffany, Blashfield, Weir, and Shirlaw and Allen of Boston. Counselled by distinguished men of such varied talents and varied minds, it is not likely that the new club will fail to hit the mark.

NEW YORK'S CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Mr. William H. Maxwell has been chosen to be the first Superintendent of Education in the enlarged city. It is very certain that no fitter man could have been chosen.

Mr. Maxwell was born with the instincts of a scholar and bred in scholarly ways. His achievements in that direction have been remarkable.



WILLIAM H. MAXWELL.

But he is not merely a scholar. He is a man of broad intellectual grasp, of exceedingly liberal mind, and of unusual executive ability, as he has demonstrated in his long years of control of the Brooklyn public schools.

In that position he has won for himself a place second to that of no other educator in the country.

Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, has said, "I regard him as one of the best qualified superintendents that I have ever known."

President Draper of the University of Illinois, and formerly New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction, says that he doubts "if another man can be found who possesses so many of the qualities which would go to make a highly successful leadership of the public-school system of the greater city.

President Eliot of Harvard has said of him, "I have known Superintendent Maxwell for about ten years, and have thought him the most intelligent and best equipped superintendent of schools within my acquaintance."

Mr. Maxwell was born in the north of Ireland in 1852, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. While yet a youth he entered Queen's College, Galway, winning first place in the Latin, Greek, and English examinations, and taking then and afterwards scholarships and money prizes, from the proceeds of which his entire expenses in college were paid. After his graduation he was made a sub-master in the Royal Academical Institution, and during his service in that capacity took post-graduate courses in philosophy and political science, winning the degree of A.M.

He came to America in 1874. Failing to secure employment in his profession as teacher, he took up newspaper work, at which he was conspicuously successful during the next half-dozen years. At the same time he was engaged as a teacher and lecturer in the Brooklyn evening schools. In 1882 he was made Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, and in 1887 he succeeded to the Superintendency—a place which he has held with conspicuous honor and success ever since.

During all these years his influence has been used, strongly, persistently, and aggressively, in behalf of educational reform. It was he who led the movement of superintendents to secure from the Legislature an enactment forbidding the employment of any person as a teacher who had not received a college education, or, lacking that, had not passed at least one year in some recognized school for the training of teachers in pedagogy. Baffled in this effort by the stupidity of the Legislature, and by the activity of ignorant and selfish politicians constituting boards of education, Mr. Maxwell did what he could to improve the quality of teachers by raising the standards of examination for their places.

It is to him mainly that New York State owes the very great advance made in the standing of the English language and literature as subjects of required study in the schools. Not only was he the inspiration of that movement, but he has been its practically guiding agent. He has invented methods which have produced extraordinary results, and he has taught the teachers how to use them with the best effect. In brief, Mr. Maxwell is a scholar, an enlightened educator, an administrator of rare ability, and a man of large and fruitful experience in the practical conduct of schools.

It is the great good fortune of the consolidated city to have so fit a man to inaugurate its educational system.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Augustin Daly recently closed his regular season in New York with a brilliant revival of "The School for Scandal." It is a pity that this production could not have been given earlier in the winter, and permitted to run for several weeks, instead of one week only. Mr. Daly mounted the piece elaborately and with exquisite taste. There is not another manager in the country who would have cared enough for the delightful old comedy to revive it and to expend upon it so much money and care, and we have no other company that could have played it with so high an average of excellence. No detail was neglected that would help to make the production complete, and even the actors who played the small parts showed that they had been skilfully trained. Mr. Daly had made some changes in the arrangement of the scenes that could not reasonably be accounted for; they did not give the action added clearness or movement, and they served only to bewilder and annoy those lovers of Sheridan who know "The School for Scandal" almost by heart. Among the players, Miss Ada Rehan naturally dominated as *Lady Teazle*. Her comedy scenes she carried off with extraordinary abandon, but in the scenes in which Sheridan so ingeniously brings out the fine qualities of the woman she did not always strike the note of sincerity. Mr. Edwin Varrey, as *Sir Peter*, proved to be rather disappointing. His performance was easy and intelligent, but it lacked variety and force. As *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Mr. Herbert Gresham offered another evidence of his versatility and skill; he has the rare art of absolutely identifying himself with every character he plays. If this could be said of Mr. Charles Richman, the *Charles Surface* would have been an element of strength rather than of weakness in the production. Not for one moment did Mr. Richman suggest that he had succeeded in getting inside the part; instead of playing it, he merely played at it, with a certain hard technical correctness, but without creating the least illusion. Mr. Clarke played *Joseph Surface* with his usual care and discretion, but he made the character seem too old. Mrs. Gilbert was an exquisite *Mrs. Candour*, and an extremely nice bit of acting was done by Miss Wismer as *Maria*.

After a few supplementary appearances in New York next month, and after a brief tour, Miss Rehan will take a long and greatly needed rest. To those who have watched her acting during the past winters, it seems almost incredible that she should have been in delicate health—at times on the verge of prostration. Her performances in this city have never shown more spirit or more finish. Miss Rehan has also been developing out of those annoying mannerisms which used to obscure her rare talent. No finer acting has been seen in New York this season than her *Peggy Thrift*, and for this impersonation alone she would deserve to be remembered. Her ill health has prevented her appearance this year as *Portia* in Mr. Daly's long-promised production of "The Merchant of Venice," but this has only been deferred till the season to come. Some curiosity has been expressed with regard to the actor who will be assigned to play *Shylock*. Three actors have already been mentioned in connection with the rôle—Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Mr. Tyrone Power. Mr. Clarke would be sure to give a competent performance, but the part is much better suited to the style of either of the younger men. Mr. Herbert has done a great deal of excellent character work, but nothing as yet to show that he is heavy enough to play *Shylock*. Mr. Power, on the contrary, has all the qualities that the part requires—the gift of characterization, a heavy voice, and authority of bearing. During the past season Mr. Power has had almost nothing to do, and yet he is far and away one of the best of Mr. Daly's players. His enforced idleness illustrates one of the disadvantages of the stock company, where the actors are many and the productions are few. Last season Mr. Power gave a remarkably strong performance of *Caliban*, which was much criticised because of its absolute fidelity to the Shakespearian ideal, and showed that he had the courage of his artistic convictions. With a strong *Shylock*, Mr. Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" will be one of the great events of the coming season; but no matter how brilliant the production may be in other respects, a weak *Shylock* will ruin it.

At the Irving Place Theatre, Frau Agnes Sorma has returned to renew the success that she won on her first appearance in New York last year. For her *rentrée* she chose the part of *Nora*, in "The Doll's House," probably because of the opportunities it gave her to reveal the many sides of her talent. We have seen several remarkable *Noras*—Mrs. Fiske, Madame Réjane, and Miss Beatrice Cameron, who, by-the-way, revealed in this character qualities she had never been credited with possessing. Not one of them has succeeded in making *Nora* intelligible, and it is not surprising that Frau Sorma should also have failed in this regard. Up to that last scene, where *Nora* leaves her children to go out into the world in order to improve her mind, the character is perfectly consistent. But that long harangue of *Nora's* at the close, that sudden submission to her will of her prig and petty tyrant of a husband—who can explain these? Ibsen himself has convinced us that *Helmer* would not allow *Nora* to leave the house, and that if she did succeed in leaving she would inevitably come back the next day. Perhaps Ibsen showed his cleverness by closing the piece just where he did, and has been laughing in his sleeve at our attempts to discover what he meant. But this would not explain the husband's attitude, would it? Frau Sorma, like all other *Noras*, is really two persons in one, and very skilfully does she differentiate them. She has all of Duse's technical skill, a gift of facial expression greater than Duse's, but she is altogether inferior to Duse in her ability to interpret with equal skill all the emotions. There are times when her acting seems less a reproduction of Nature than either an "improvement" on Nature or a failure to carry out her intention. Her defects were conspicuously betrayed in "The Maiden's Dream," an old-fashioned drama in verse, in which she appeared for the first time here. As the royal heroine, a Germanized Hypatia, who determines to rule her little court on the strictest principles, to check all flirtations, and to keep love out of her own life, Frau Sorma was altogether overweighted. Neither in looks nor in style was she suited to the rôle, and her performance seldom rose above competent mediocrity. As the coquettish, light-hearted, and mischievous young wife in "Untrue," however, she showed that she was one of the best interpreters of light comedy on the stage. Not a fault could be found with the impersonation, which was marked by humor, spirit, and extraordinary artistic resource. The piece itself is one of the cleverest German comedies seen here in many a day—a wholly new treatment of the old device of the loving wife who tries to cure her husband of jealousy by indulging in a mock flirtation with another man. With judicious "washing" it ought to become popular in English.

On her return engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Madame Modjeska was seen as *Rosalind* for the first time in New York in several years. Her own performance, full of grace and charm and subtlety, as it has always been, suffered from the distressing inadequacy of the production as a whole. The scenery was shabby, the company seemed to be ill at ease, and the spectator was haunted by the fear of constantly impending disaster. As Mr. Haworth had been incapacitated by an accident, the rôle of *Orlando* was taken by Mr. Lester Lonergon, who gave an earnest, if not an altogether satisfactory, performance. Two members of the cast stood out for good work—that always admirable comedian Mr. William F. Owen, as *Touchstone*, and Miss Grace Fisher as *Celia*.

The success in Paris of "Cyrano de Bergerac" seems to be almost unprecedented. Not only do vast crowds attend the performances of M. Coquelin at the Porte St.-Martin, one of the largest of the Parisian theatres, but the demand for the book is so great that the publishers have had difficulty in keeping up with it. In New York all the copies were sold soon after their arrival, and a large number of people have been awaiting copies from Paris. The announcement that Sir Henry Irving has secured the piece for England, and that Mr. Richard Mansfield has purchased the American rights, promises well for the two productions in English and yet, in spite of the great interest taken in the work, their success is very problematical. The piece is so absolutely French that one wonders if, even under the best conditions, it will appeal to English-speaking audiences. The humor is Gallic, the pathos might easily lend itself to ridicule, and the poetry is of the kind that loses much of its charm when transferred to our ruder Anglo-Saxon. Much will depend, of course, upon the skill with which the English version is made; to do the piece perfect justice, the abilities of a poet will be required. Two years ago we saw how François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" suffered here from inadequate translation. As for the interpretation of *Cyrano*, which Coquelin is said to play in a masterly fashion, the peculiar abilities of both Irving and Mansfield will suit it admirably. From Paris comes the report that the young author, Mr. Edouard Rostand, is eager to play the rôle, and that he is waiting for a chance to take the place of Coquelin, who has been ill of late. Coquelin, however, drags himself through his work every evening, for he knows how the Parisian public would acclaim the already much-idolized author if Rostand should make a success in his own creation.

John D. Barry.

INDUSTRIOUS CUPID.

Within his shop, on toil intent,
Sly Cupid whiles the hours away
In making arrows, during Lent,
To use on Easter day.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE "MAINE" REPORT.

Washington, *March 28.*

Every one had been so well prepared by premature publication of hints as to its contents, that the report of the board of inquiry created no sensation in either House. In the Senate the reading of the message was sandwiched in between features of the routine business of the day, and the only tribute paid it was that of silence and attention. In the House of Representatives the close of the reading was followed by a round of applause, and the Houses soon thereafter adjourned.

The findings of the board are that at the time of the explosion, 9.40 p.m. on February 15, the ship was lying in five and one-half fathoms of water, that discipline on board was excellent, and that as late as 8 p.m. the temperature of the magazines was normal, except that of the after ten-inch magazine, which did not explode; that there were two distinct and different explosions, with a very brief interval between, and that the first one, which was like the discharge of a gun, lifted the ship; that the condition of the wreckage, so far as it has been possible to ascertain, points to the explosion of a mine under the ship on her port side; that the outside explosion appears to have caused the explosion of two or more of the magazines forward, but that the board was unable to fix the responsibility for the explosion upon any person or persons. The report was signed by the entire board. It was accompanied by a message of transmittal, in which the President reviewed in detail the history of the sending of the *Maine* to Havana, and stated that the report had been referred to the Spanish government with full assurance that its sense of right would impel it to do what was just and proper under the circumstances. Any later proceedings, the President added, would be duly reported to Congress, and he begged of that body deliberate consideration of the whole subject.

Francis E. Leupp.

THE SPANISH MINISTER.

Señor Polo y Bernabé, the successor of Minister Dupuy de Lome as the envoy of Spain to the United States, has by his agreeable personality gone far to efface the unpleasant impression left by the de Lome incident. Señor Bernabé will fill his most difficult and responsible post the better because a previous residence in the United States may be assumed to have put him *en rapport* with American life and characteristics. He spent two years here as attaché when his father, Admiral Bernabé, was Spanish minister during the Grant administration. Señor Bernabé, while he has held no very important political office, has been well trained for his new duties by his place as chief of the commercial department of the Colonial Bureau at Madrid, and may therefore be assumed to be intimately associated with Cuban affairs. Señor Bernabé married the daughter of Señor Mendez de Vigo, the present Spanish ambassador to Berlin, and is connected with the first families of Spain. The words of his address to the President, on his presentation, were marked by great tact and clean grasp of the situation, as well as by the most dignified Spanish courtesy.

SIR HENRY BESSEMER.

The name of the great inventor Sir Henry Bessemer, who died in London, England, on Monday, March 14, belongs to the greatest revolution of the industrial world in the latter half of the nineteenth century. This was the process of rapidly and cheaply converting pig-iron into steel by blowing a blast of air through the molten metal, preserving the continuity of the heat by the combustion of the impurities in the iron.

Born in Hertfordshire in 1813, he adopted engineering as a profession, and took out numerous patents at an early age; but his specialty as a discoverer, strangely, did not belong to his earlier investigations. The pivotal thought came to him by an inspiration. The final discovery was the result of numerous and costly experiments. The first patent was taken out in 1855, but before its final success in 1862 was a considerable period of struggle. The process rapidly extended to other countries, but it has only been in the United States that the inventor reaped any financial advantage from his foreign patents. The usefulness of the Bessemer process was greatly increased by the discoveries of Snelus, Gilchrist, and Thomas in furnishing a basic lining of the converter, which eliminated the phosphorus, and by the improvements of Alexander Holley, an American engineer, in the form of the converter. Though the Siemens-Martin open-hearth steel process became a rival of the Bessemer, the latter still retains its prominence, on the whole, as a cheap steel. The following illustration of the value of Bessemer's invention may be cited: Previous to 1855 the annual production of steel in Great Britain was 51,000 tons at £50 per ton. In 1890 in Sheffield alone the annual production was 830,000 tons, and throughout Europe 3,000,000 tons, at an average price of £8 per ton. The development in the United States in the same period has been still more startling. Bessemer's benefaction of cheap steel has resulted in the revolution of railway and ship building, and nearly every variety of structural methods, and there is scarcely a branch of contemporary industry which has not felt its stimulus. He was knighted in 1879, and received numerous marks of distinction from crowned heads and learned societies. In the United States the towns of Bessemer, Michigan, and Bessemer, Alabama, were named from him.

THE "JAUNDICE" ON TOP!

Washington, D. C.

The President and cabinet and the New York *Jaundice* correspondent spent three hours in conference in the *Jaundice's* Washington Bureau last night. The President at first favored waiting until the report of the board of inquiry is acted on before declaring war, but when your correspondent informed him that the *Jaundice's* Sunday edition describing and illustrating the "First Naval Duel" off Key West was already printed, he immediately receded from his position, and stated that he would issue the necessary declaration of war as soon as the *Jaundice's* tugs containing reporters, artists, and trance-mediums reached Key West. By special arrangement with the telegraph companies, connections have been made between the Gulf Squadron and the *Jaundice* building, New York, so that the *first shot fired in the Jaundice's war between the United States and Spain will be fired by the Jaundice!!*

One hundred picked men arrived here from Yappeville, Wisconsin, to defend the national capital. They were "picked" at the depot and relieved of all their valuables.

The *Jaundice* has arranged the following programme for the navy: At the beginning of hostilities the United States Monitors *Melancholia*, *Fitzsimmons*, *Singed Cat*, and *Sitting Bull* will individually engage the Spanish destroyers *Tamale*, *DeMonk*, *Garrote*, and *Tarantula*. Our submarine torpedo-boat *McGinty* will station herself off Key West, and apply spontaneous combustion to all-comers under the Spanish flag.

The Fish Commission this morning issued a most significant order which leaves no doubt as to the aggressive course the administration means to pursue towards Spain. The order reads that "All Spanish mackerel are to leave United States waters by noon to-morrow." Prominent diplomats say that Spain will at once resent this harsh edict, and attack our helpless coasts.

Footpads broke into the naval gun foundry last night, and this morning it was found that several guns had been rifled.

At the Spanish legation last evening an important conference was held, the nature of which your correspondent could not learn, his ladder being too short to enable him to get his ear to the window.

C. S. McN.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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> —*New York Tribune.*

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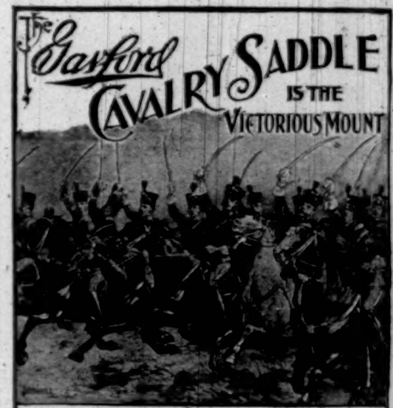

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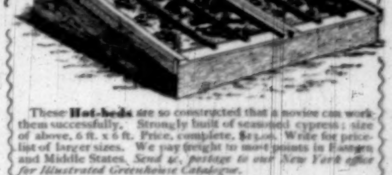

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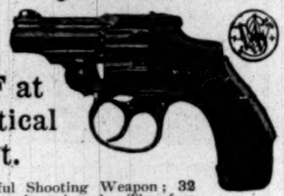

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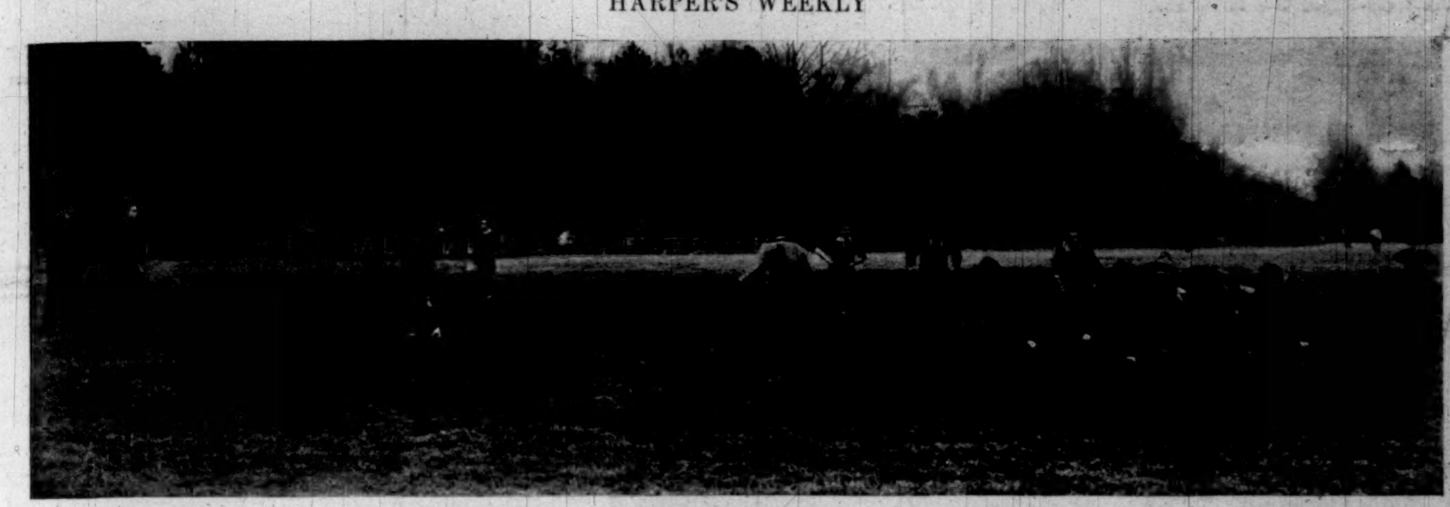

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On the Right two opposing Half-backs are putting the Ball in play; on the Left two more Half-backs and six Three-quarters are facing each other in Pairs. One Full-back is showing on the extreme Right. The Referee is on the Side-lines.

AMATEVR · SPORT

During Mr. WHITNEY'S *absence on a sporting tour around the world, in the interest of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *this department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

A HARVARD MAN AT OXFORD.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

IV.—A LITTLE SCRUMMAGE WITH ENGLISH RUGBY.

I HAD scarcely set foot on an English Rugby field when I was confronted with the inevitable question. I replied that from a hasty judgment, which I should doubtless soon alter, the game, compared with ours, seemed haphazard and inconsequent. "We don't kill one another, if that's what you mean by 'inconsequent,'" my English host replied; and I soon found that the report that Hinkey and Butterworth had been killed in the Thanksgiving-day match of 1893 had never been denied in England. A few weeks later the exaggerated press accounts of the Springfield game of 1894 were repeated in England with further exaggerations; and at the time of the Thanksgiving-day game it was reported that the police inspector had come out on the field as the elevens were lining up, and warned them that if they committed criminal assault upon each other the law would take its due course. Soon after this I had my attention called to a paragraph in the London *Weekly Sun*—"Harvard is a place where the undergraduates manage their studies, while the professors manage the football." Finally I discovered the true source of the British acrimony against our game. "This is the sport," my friend remarked, "which Caspar Whitney says, in his *Sporting Pilgrimage*, has improved English Rugby off the face of the earth!" I was hard put to it to defend the well-beloved game.

I.

Meanwhile I had unusual facilities for observing English Rugby. During the Morrison wine which ended the season of tubbing on the river the captain of the Balliol fifteen threw his arms about me, and besought me to play on the team. He had not a single three-quarters, he said, who could get out of his own way running. I pleaded an attack of rheumatism and ignorance of the game. He said it did not matter. "And I'm half blind," I added. "So am I," he interrupted, "but we'll both be all right in the morning." I said I referred to the fact that I was very near-sighted; but he took all excuses as a sign of resentment because he had failed to invite me to breakfast in my Freshman term; he appeared to think it his duty to invite all possible candidates. I speak of these circumstances partly to explain how the captain came to recruit his team from the halt and blind, and partly to suggest the extreme informality of the training for the English game.

The next morning the captain wrote me that there was a match on against Merton, and asked me to come out a quarter of an hour before the rest for a little coaching. A quarter of an hour to learn to play football! In spite of the captain's predictions of the night before, I was not so sure that he was yet "all right"; so I went out to the porter's lodge and scanned the bulletin-board. My name stared me in the face. I had scarcely time to take luncheon and don a pair of football shorts.

The practice my coach gave me consisted in running the length of the field three or four times, passing the ball back and forth as we went. His instructions with regard to the game were equally simple. To keep in proper position I had only to watch my Merton *vis-à-vis* and take a place symmetrical with his. When the enemy heeled the ball out of the "scrum" to their three-quarter-back I was to watch my man, and, if the ball was passed to him, to tackle him. If he passed it before I could tackle him I was still to follow him, leaving the man who took the ball to be watched by my neighbor, in order that I might be on hand if my man received it again. Where our rule is for all to follow the ball, the English rule is for each player to follow his man. If our side heeled out the ball and one of our three-quarters began to run with it, the other three-quarters and I were to follow at his heels, so that when he was about to be tackled—"collared" the English say—he could pass it on to us. There was no such thing as combined "interference" among the backs. A player who gets between the man with the ball and the enemy's goal is rankly off side. It is not to be understood that the captain coached all this information into me. I had to button-hole him and pump it out word by word. Coaching of any sort is all but unknown on English football-fields. All there is of the game is learned at school—or in the nursery!

When the opposing teams faced each other I noticed with satisfaction that there was not a spectator on the grounds to embarrass me. It is so in almost all English college games—the fellows have so many sports of their own on that there is no object in hanging round the fields where their friends are having the fun.

On the kick-off, luckily, the ball did not come to my corner of the field, for I could scarcely have seen it, much less caught it. When our side had returned the kick, the "scrummage" formed. If there is one feature of the English game that awes an American, it is the "scrummage," or "scrum." What happens is this: the nine forwards gather in a semi-ellipse, bend their bodies together in a horizontal plane, with their heads carefully tucked beneath the mass, and then squirm against the opposing mass of forwards, who are similarly placed. The scrum as a whole looks like a huge tortoise with a score of legs at each end, which by some unaccountable freak of nature are struggling to walk in opposite directions. The sight arouses in the native American a superstitious awe. I found my mind reverting to an aboriginal state in which I was likely to worship this tortoise as a totem. It took weeks before I realized that it masked no abstrusely working tactics; there is little, if anything, in it beyond the push and shove that meets the eye.

When our scrum was thoroughly compacted the umpire tossed the ball on the ground between the opposing sets of legs, whereupon both sides began to struggle. The Balliol legs pushed harder and the Balliol bodies squirmed to more advantage, for our men had presently got the ball among their feet. They failed to hold it there, however, and it popped out into a half-back's hands. He passed it quickly to one of my companions at three-quarters, who dodged his man and ran toward the corner of the field. I followed, and just as the full-back collared him he passed the ball to me. Before I had taken three rheumatic strides I had two men hanging at my back; but when they brought me down the ball was just beyond the line. The audience arose as one man—to wit, the referee, who had been squatting on the side-lines—and shouted, "Played. Well played!" I had achieved universal fame.

During the rest of the game the Balliol scrum, which was a very respectable affair of its kind, kept the ball to itself, while we backs cooled our heels.

A few days later, in a game against Jesus, the scrums were more evenly matched, and the ball was heeled out oftener. I soon found that my eyes were not sharp enough to follow quick passing; and when, just before half-time, a punt came in my direction, I was horrified to see it multiply until it looked like a flock of balloons. As luck had it, I singled out the wrong balloon to catch. Jesus fell on the ball just as it bounced over the goal-line. In the second half the captain put one of the forwards in my place, and put me in the scrum.

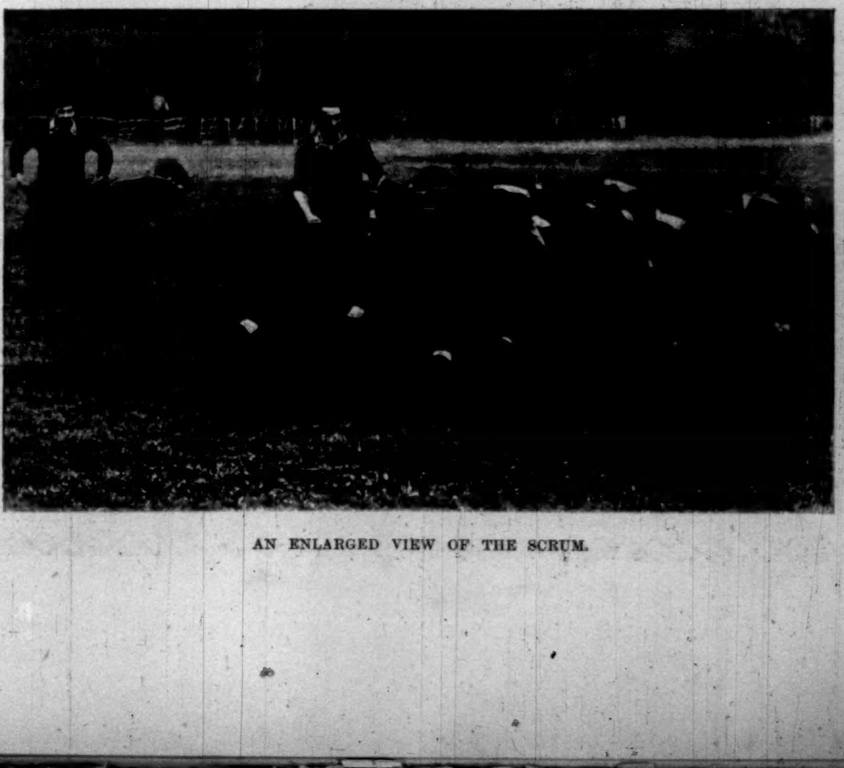
The play here was more lively, though scarcely more complex or difficult. Each forward stuck his head beneath the shoulders of the two men in front of him, grasped their waists, and then heaved until, when the ball popped out of the scrum, the word came to dissolve. There were absolutely no regular positions; the man who was in the front centre of one scrummage might be in the outskirts of the next. On some teams, I found by inquiry, a definite order is agreed on, but this is regarded as of doubtful advantage. Tactics and strategy, as we understand the words, are scarcely thought of.

What we call "plays" are almost unknown. When the umpire or a half-back tosses the ball into the middle of the scrummage, there are, at an ultimate analysis, four things that can happen. The two sides may struggle back and forth, carrying the ball on the ground at their feet, which constitutes a "pack." Again, the stronger side may cleave the weaker, and run down the field, dribbling the ball yard by yard as they go, until either side picks it up for a run, or else drops on it and cries "down." Sometimes one side is able to "screw the scrum," a manœuvre which almost rises to the altitude of a "play." The captain shouts "Right!" or perhaps "Left!" and then his forwards push diagonally, instead of directly, against their opponents. The result is what we used to call in America a revolving wedge, except that, since the ball is carried on the ground, the play eventuates, when successful, in a scattering rush of forwards down the field, dribbling the ball at their feet, just as when the scrum has been cloven. The fourth possibility is that the side that gets the ball amongst its eighteen legs allows it to ooze out behind, or, if its backs are worthy of confidence, purposely heels it out. Thereupon a half-back pounces upon it and passes it deftly to the three-quarters, who run with it down the field, passing it back and forth. As a whole, the game of the forwards is much more fun than that of the backs, though decidedly less attractive in the eyes of the spectators—a consideration of slight importance on an English field!

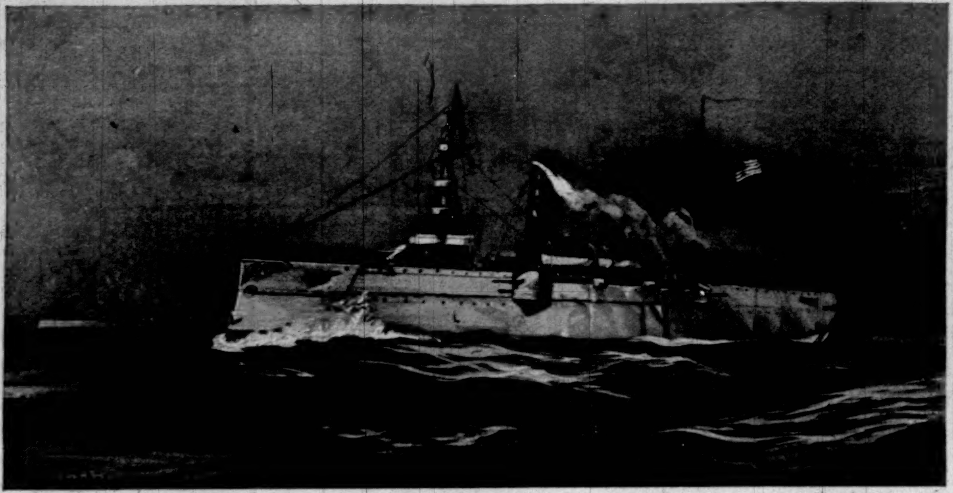
Just as I began to get warmed to my new work I smashed my nose against the head of a Balliol man who was dodging back into the push. The captain told me that I need not finish the game; but as it is against the English rules to substitute players, I kept up the grunting and shoving. At the end of the game the captain very politely gave me the hoof. This was just what I expected and deserved; but I was surprised to find that the fellows had objected to my playing the game through. They would have preferred not to be bled upon.

II.

To get a clearer idea of modern English Rugby, and of the relationship our game bears to it, we must look at its historical development. The Rugby Union was formed in 1871, and the first international game was played in the same year between England and Scotland. For the following six years the play was characterized by tight scrummages. Twenty was the orthodox number of players; and when, as often happened in club matches, only fifteen men played, the fact was the result of a lack of men, not of a preference for smaller sides. Of the twenty men, fifteen played "forward" in the scrum. They were regarded as the offensive element. Their duty was to keep a firmly packed mass, and to shove the opposing mass down the field, carrying the ball at their feet. To heel out the ball to the backs was considered a rank breach of sportsmanly etiquette. This was probably because the backs—two half-backs and three full-backs—were regarded merely as a reserve for defence, whose business it was to tackle the enemy if he broke through or round the pack of forwards. If, however, the ball chanced to ooze out of the scrum—as it was apt to do, say at intervals of five minutes—one of the half-backs pounced upon it, and, to prevent a loss of ground, made the best of his way into the enemy's territory. The opposing scrum, meanwhile, was so tightly woven that it could not possibly block or tackle him. It left the backs to stop him, and ravelling out at its



AN ENLARGED VIEW OF THE SCRUM.



U. S. CRUISERS "NEW ORLEANS" AND "ALBANY" (FORMERLY "AMAZONAS" AND "ABROUALL").
Purchased from the Brazilian Government.

leisure, trotted amiably up to the ball. There was thus an utter lack of co-operation between forwards and backs. This has, as I shall point out, been measurably lessened; but even to-day an American spectator at an English game cries out in his heart, "*Every* man get into the push!"—forgetting that "interference" and "possession of the ball" are requisite to our thorough-going team-play.

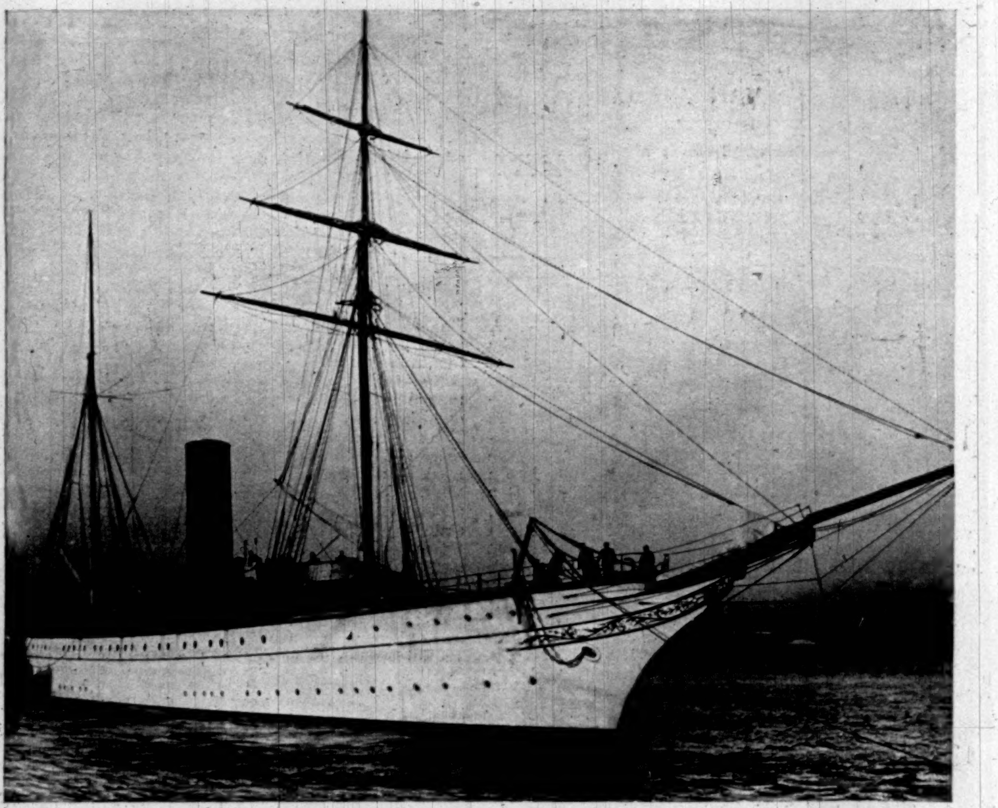
In the international match of 1877 fifteens were introduced instead of twenties. This played fast and loose with the traditional game; packed scrummages rapidly gave way to the mobile modern formation. The first duty of the forwards was still to make their way down the field by brute force; but to supplement the primitive grunting and shoving they had learned the tricks of cleaving their opponents and of screwing the scrum. When either of these feats had been accomplished, they broke away from each other and dribbled the ball down the field, until arrested by the opposing backs. Meanwhile the prejudice against heeling out gave way. A weak scrum which was flanked by a clever set of backs heeled out as often as it could manage to get control of the ball. And the opposing scrummagers, thus put on the defensive, soon learned to get into the running. This caused a revolution among the backs. The half, who could no longer count on evading the enemy's scrum, was forced to kick into touch—a play much more frequent in the English than in the American game, though its use here is of marked advantage, and is rapidly growing—or, like our quarter-back, to pass at once. This development of heeling out and passing in all probability caused the increase in the number of three-quarter-backs. There had been two of these and two full-backs, but by-and-by one of the full-backs was drawn up to three-quarters. The duty of the three-quarters was precisely that of our half-back, except that they eluded the tackling of the enemy not by interference or to any considerable degree by dodging, but by passing the ball back and forth. The forwards, meanwhile, were not infrequently able to struggle loose from the scrum in time to join their own backs in the passing.

The full realization of the value of scientific passing came about 1885. This marks the beginning of the strictly modern game. To-day so great is the horror of "selfish playing," that a three-quarters scarcely dares to run ten yards without tossing the ball to a neighbor, and the forwards are expected to be almost as clever at passing. One of the most remarkable results of the open passing game is that to be quite up to date a team has to sacrifice a man from the scrum, and play four men at three-quarters. I know no more beautiful sight on the football-field than three or four or five English players dashing among the enemy's defence, and meanwhile passing the ball so deftly from one to another that it is impossible to collar a single man in the combination.

To sum up the development of the English game: The original and perhaps the typical formation is the simple packed scrum, with a reserve of backs for defence. Out of the packed scrum have grown the screwed scrum and the cleft scrum, both to be followed by dribbling or by passing. The backs, at first a reserve for defence, took new duties when heeling out was recognized, and became an important engine for offensive play. Of late years running with the ball in the open has become the most prominent feature for both scrummagers and backs.

III.

This "scientific" co-operation between the backs and the scrum, curiously enough, is seldom to be found in the important games. When Oxford plays Richmond, or Cambridge plays Blackheath, Mercury himself could not be more fleet and sure than the rival backs; but when Oxford plays Cambridge, and Richmond plays Blackheath, a wonderful thing takes place. In the intense excitement the players forget modern refinements, and the game reverts towards its primitive barbarism of packed scrums. In international games the tendency is redoubled. The players, who are the stars of the crack local fifteens of a kingdom, seldom or never compete together as a team before the important match, and are sometimes virtual strangers to one another. In the most important games of the season the reversion to primitive pushing and shoving is most complete. At the match between England and Scotland for the championship of the United Kingdom my amusement would have been complete if I had only had a friend used to our admirably strategic game to laugh with me. Each side played its four three-quarter-backs, sacrificing a man from the scrum in the interest of scientific passing, as every self-respecting team must do; but each was so doggedly bent upon shoving the other down the field that the ball seldom left the scrum. The four unhappy three-quarters cooled their heels, viewing the conflict from afar, and might almost as well have been in ulsters on the side-lines. But this was not the worst of it. Even in the scrum the playing went to the dogs. England, it seemed, was past master at "screwing," and time and again the spectators rose with a shout of "Played, England!" in the expectation of seeing their champions charge into Scottish territory, dribbling or passing the ball. Not once did this happen. In their bull-like efforts they apparently forgot the ball at their feet; and when they had whirled their opponents well about, it transpired that the canny Scotchmen, though unable to stop the revolving rush, had cleverly tweaked the ball from among the English heels. At this stage of the play, it is obvious, the English forwards had wheeled quite out of the line of defence of their own goal, so that only their three-quarter-backs could prevent Scotland from making a "try." The chief use of the four crack three-quarters in that game was to prevent Scotland from scoring after England had successfully screwed the scrum. Their position was precisely that of the primitive backs of the seventies. The incident is characteristic. Eminently playable as the English game is, its spirit is at bottom one of brute force rather than of science, as we understand the term. To grasp this fact completely it is necessary to go somewhat at length into the history of the development of our game from the parent sport. Besides the interest from a sportsman's point of view, the inquiry will reveal curious evidences of a difference in national traits and characteristics.



U. S. DESPATCH-BOAT "MAYFLOWER."
Purchased from the Ogden Goelet Estate.

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U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "GWIN" ON HER TRIAL TRIP.

ADDITIONS TO THE NAVY.

Recent additions to the navy by purchase and by completion of contract represent varied types. Five vessels which have attracted attention are the *New Orleans* (formerly the *Amazonas* of the Brazilian navy), purchased in England just as she was about to sail for Brazil; her sister ship the *Albany* (formerly the *Abrouall*); the *Mayflower*, purchased in New York from the estate of the late Ogden Goelet; the torpedo-boat *Gwin*, finished, with her sister ship *Talbot*, at the Herreshoff works in Bristol, Rhode Island.

The *New Orleans* and *Albany* are unarmored twin-screw cruisers of the *Cincinnati* type. They are 330 feet long, 43 feet 9 inches wide, 16 feet 10 inches deep, have a tonnage of 3600, a speed of 20 knots, and carry about 300 officers and men. They are armed with six 6-inch 50-calibre Elswick quick-firing guns, four 4.7 inch 50-calibre quick-firing guns, ten 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Maxims, two field-guns, and have three torpedo-tubes. They have 7500 horse-power, and carry about 800 tons of coal. Their coal-bunkers serve as a protection to their machinery.

The *Mayflower* was known as one of the largest and fastest steam-yachts in existence. She was designed by G. W. Watson, the famous English yacht-designer, and was built at Clydebank, England. She is somewhat larger than the despatch-boat *Dolphin*. She is 321 feet long, 36 feet 6 inches wide, draws 16 feet 6 inches of water, has 2400 tonnage, twin screws, and a theoretical speed of nearly twenty knots. Four-inch rapid-fire guns with launching-tubes for torpedoes will probably compose her new armament.

The *Gwin* is one of the four single-screw 20-knot torpedo-boats contracted for on October 6, 1896. With the exception of the *Stiletto*, they are the smallest and slowest of their type in the navy. The *Gwin* is 98 feet long, 12 feet 6 inches wide, draws 3 feet 4 inches of water, has 20 knots' speed, is of 850 tonnage, and has two torpedo-tubes. She is waiting for her crew.

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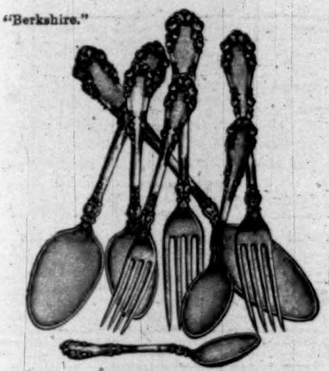

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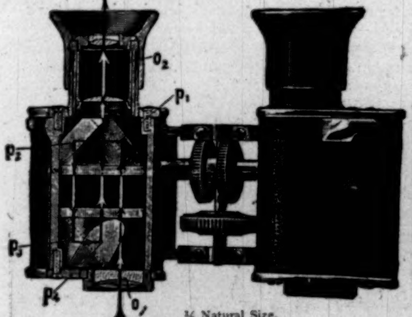

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